

NOVEMBER 11 — 17, 1978

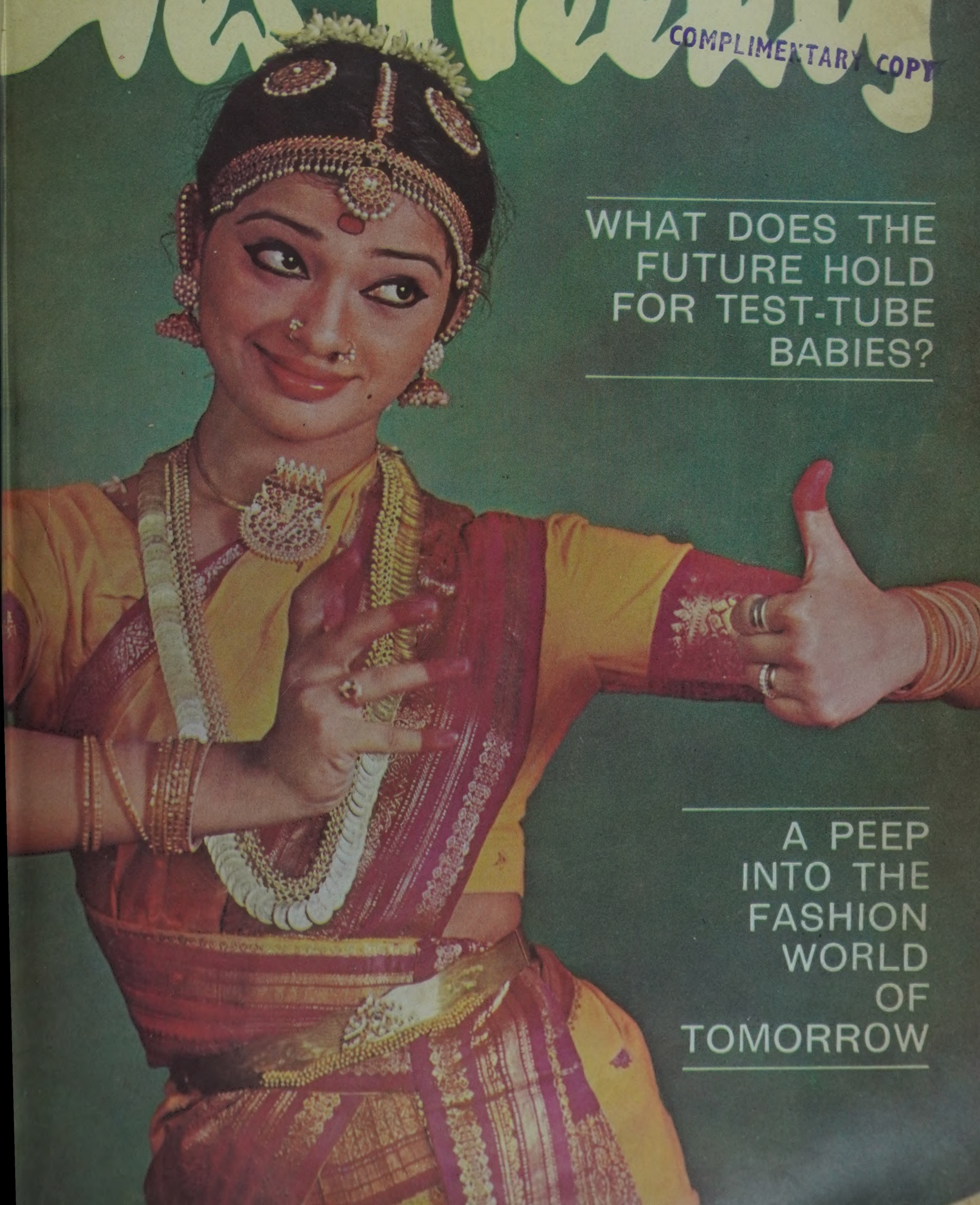
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Evie's Weekly

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WHAT DOES THE
FUTURE HOLD
FOR TEST-TUBE
BABIES?

A PEEP
INTO THE
FASHION
WORLD
OF
TOMORROW



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MALAVIKA SARUKKAI

"Born to dance", said a dance critic reviewing Malavika's first public performance in 1972. Dancing came into Malavika's life when she was only seven. Since then she has given a number of performances all over the country.

Malavika has been privileged to train under outstanding gurus — Swamimalai Rajaratnam Pillai and Shrimathi Kalanidhi Narayan. After more than a decade devoted to Bharata Natyam, Malavika began her training in Odissi as well. Her guru, Shri Ramani Ranjan Jena, is himself a disciple of the renowned Guru Kelucharan Mahapatra of Orissa.

Malavika finds inspiration not only in the classical texts and the rigorous discipline in the traditional dance under her guru, but also in the everyday gestures of people and their astonishingly large range of expressions.

Photograph: Rajendra Chawda

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this week

TEST-TUBE CULTURE

A leading obstetrician and gynaecologist writes about test-tube pregnancies, while a well-known astrologer discusses what the stars foretell about genetic engineering.

Also, news about the first test-tube fly and test-tube plants.

Page 8.



A PEEP INTO TOMORROW'S FASHION WORLD

That old fig-leaf from the Garden of Eden certainly triggered off a money-spinning business.

Designing and making clothes for Eves — and Adams, though they hate to acknowledge it — through the ages has kept many people in the lap of luxury.

What do the fashion moghuls have in store for the future?

Another article in our series on social futures.

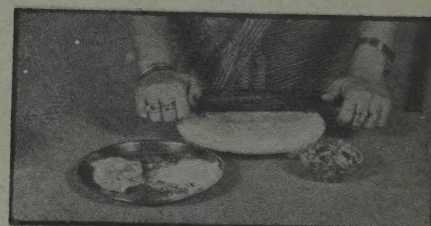
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STEP BY STEP COOKERY

Stuffed parathas are easy, when you follow the step-by-step instructions given in our special colour feature.

Page 23.



NIGHT SHIFTS FOR WOMEN

What are the laws governing night shifts for women? How strictly are they enforced? Is it fair for women to have separate laws governing their hours of work? A look into recent international and national developments in this area of legislation.

Page 29.

ALSO

The Sunshine Top : Knit yourself a bright top — **Page 19** Eve Today : Jamuna, the people's actress — **Page 25** Film Interview : Ranjeeta, "Glamour puss, not me!" — **Page 39** "The Passionate Winter": The first part of a new Mills and Boon serialisation — **Page 16.**

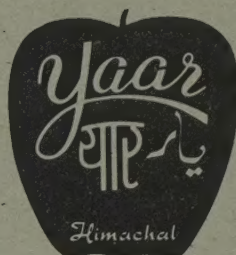
REGULAR FEATURES

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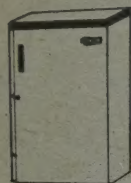


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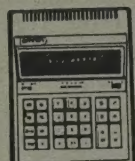


APPLE JUICE

GIFTS GALORE :

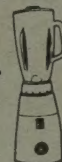


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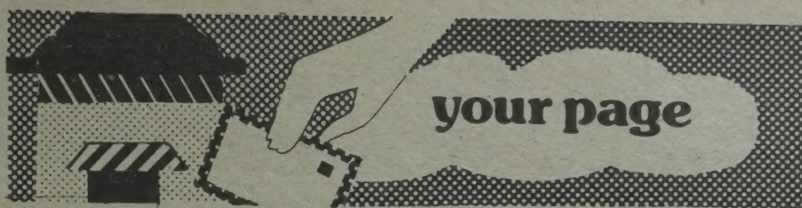
THE PRICE OF MARRIAGE

A young man was remarking in an aggrieved tone that it would be some years before all the loans, which his wife had taken in connection with the marriage, were cleared. Like him, there are countless others who feel that they have been taken for a ride by the girl's people. If one but delves deep into it, the cause is not far to seek. If they hadn't insisted on a fat dowry and other paraphernalia, the girl's people would not have been compelled to take loans against the girl's income and other savings. What right have they to feel cheated or defrauded, when they themselves are flagrantly flouting the law by taking dowry? What if there are loans, are they not getting the goose that lays the golden egg, for keeps? The girl's salary is theirs after marriage. Preaching one thing and practising another has become the order of the day. In such an acrimonious domestic atmosphere, a lot of heat is generated making the girl's life miserable. She finds that even after surrendering herself and all her rights not only to her husband but also to his family, happiness and peace of mind are beyond her reach. Those who are weak-kneed buckle under the strain and become like zombies, while the courageous ones find it is one, long struggle with the end nowhere in sight.

This is the price most young women pay in order to have the luxury of being married. Paradoxically, in trying to grasp security through marriage, they quite often lose peace of mind and happiness. Women's Liberation certainly has miles and miles to go.

Miss E. Dhamayanthi
Devasundaram, Madras.

A working woman is an asset to every family, yet she is looked down upon and harassed because she is working. Yes, we do wish every woman would be strong enough to resist a marriage which extracts from her not only money, but also her self-respect and future happiness.



**2nd
prize**

SCHEDULED FOR ADVANTAGE

The Caste System is a great restraining factor in our socio-economic development. It is also a dividing factor checking our evolution as a nation, conscious of its own being. Caste, when viewed from a scientific perspective, is nothing but a consciousness that is a feeling, an awareness of belonging to a group, socially, economically and ethnically different from the rest of the society. In the past, caste awareness among upperclass members was reinforced by the traditional privileges attached to their caste. Today, no such privileges exist and as such, theoretically, it should make them less caste-conscious but factually it is not so. It is not difficult to find an explanation for this seemingly perplexing phenomenon. Nowadays, the Government's policy of giving more and more concessions to the scheduled castes is fostering and strengthening the caste awareness of so-called scheduled castes. A scheduled caste student who gets 35 per cent marks in the Inter Science is admitted to the medical course, whereas a hard-working first class, upper caste student finds it extremely difficult to get admission for the same course. Naturally the upper caste people feel that they are being discriminated against, thus provoking caste prejudices. Here I am not suggesting that the government should abruptly withdraw the concessions extended to the scheduled castes — that is also not desirable. It should be done slowly and gradually so as to allow the caste system to die a natural death.

Sadashiv K. Kamath, Bombay

How the tables have turned! The scheduled caste were once the "scum of the earth", fit only to lift our dirt. Now, with the Government's condescension they are pushing ahead and overtaking their upper class tormentors. But enough is enough. The privileges given to the scheduled caste have been misused and are no longer tenable — thirty-two years are long enough for "catching up".

**3rd
prize**

FIT FOR THE SERVANTS

When we buy meat or fish, we rightly demand the best quality and reasonable rates. Whereas the vendors oblige us, the common people are given a raw deal. These unfortunates, once in a blue moon, with all their hard-earned money decide to purchase some mutton — maybe to celebrate an occasion — and they are given the worst quality meat with bones, etc. but are charged the same prices. They pay the price silently and accept whatever is given to them. It is pitiable that without grumbling they surrender their last paisa. What is more, they are so timid and nervous. Perhaps they feel they have no right to buy meat...they ought to live on their bajra roti and onion while meat and fish are meant only for those superior people who have money.

I. Fernandes, Bombay

We have often noticed this atrocious attitude on the part of the shopkeepers. Anything which the 'memsahib' won't take is to be palmed off on these unfortunates. However, one thing beats us: when we go personally to the shop, we are shown and given the choicest cuts of meat. But, when we send the servant to buy for us they are packed off with second-rate stuff. Don't these idiots realise that the servant must be buying for his employer?

THEY CAN'T TAKE IT

A successful man is looked upon with awe and admiration, whereas a successful woman is looked down on with suspicion and contempt. A man succeeds by mere hard work and on merit. A woman if she is worth looking at, has come up by her 'charm' alone; if not much to look at, then by pull and recommendation. Blessed be the male ego! Jealousy thy name is woman' used to be the slogan of men, but these days it is just the other way round. Men cannot take

it, when the women happen to be better off, academically, socially or professionally.

With all the hue and cry we raise for women's liberation, we are yet to be treated on an equal footing by the (physically) stronger sex. They welcome the so-called liberated, revealing dresses as this is again for their benefit and pleasure. But can they stand the intellectual revelation of of the fair sex? No, never!

Mrs. Padma Shetty, Madras

Men seem to be unduly threatened by intelligent women. At the office and at home, they would prefer to have around them soft, pliable 'cows' to do their bidding. At parties and other gatherings they spout forth about how they admire self-sufficient, intelligent women — but they don't mean a word of it!

READER'S VOICE

DURGA PUJA

I liked Alpana Chowdhury's article on the "Durga Puja." But I am surprised she did not mention the "Sindoor Utsav," which is an important function on the Dashami-day. All the ladies apply sindoor, first to Maa Durga and then to each other. They also give each other sweets. (Suchitra Sen Gupta, Bimsawal)

Alpana Chowdhury's article, "Durga Puja — piety and gaiety," smacks of unabashed urbanity — a write-up from the pen of a Bengali memsahib — reading which one begins to wonder whether Durga Puja is celebrated in Calcutta city and 'places other than Calcutta, where the Bengali population is smaller' only and whether the year-long build-up to the frenzy of the Puja is a monopoly exclusively of the Calcuttans.

What about the innumerable suburbs around Calcutta and the district towns and the remote villages of West Bengal? Perhaps the writer's knowledge of the celebration does not go beyond the periphery of Calcutta.

And what are 'mandab' and 'sarbajanik'? Are they not 'mandap' and 'sarbajanin'? (Santosh Das, Bhubaneswar)

Inability to have a child is a distressing situation faced by many couples. The ordeal of a barren marriage affects them throughout their lives, more so the woman than the man. Every time she sees a child, she thinks, "I wish it was mine." Month after month she hopes that the menstrual period will not come and that she'd become pregnant, but the thought fails to materialise, causing deep resentments. At times an inconsiderate husband may even threaten separation on grounds of childlessness.

To childless couples the world over, the first cry of Louise Joy Brown was a call of hope. Will they too get a chance soon? And what goes into the making of a test-tube baby?

Dr. Rustom P. Soonawala

When such couples come to a gynaecological clinic for advice, they are so eager that they seldom miss an appointment and are willing to undergo the hardships and expense of innumerable investigative tests. They run from clinic to clinic in the hope that one day lady luck would smile on them with the gift of pregnancy.

In many of these cases medical treatment is able to help in creating a pregnancy but in the remaining cases, where the problems are insoluble, adoption of a child is the only advice that can be offered.

With the rapid advances in the science of human reproduction, a major breakthrough was achieved in the last decade, when gonadotropin hormones became available for clinical use. Women whose ovaries were unable to produce ova (female eggs), could be made to ovulate after administration of these hormones. Thus, failure of ovulation, which was at one time believed to be a hopeless condition, was successfully overcome by scientists. In fact, the stimulation in some cases was so effective that multiple pregnancies, of five to seven babies, resulted.

Another common cause of infertility was blockage of tubes. A healthy fallopian tube is necessary for fertilization and transport of the female egg. In the operation of female sterilization, when pregnancy is to be voluntarily prevented, the tubes are blocked permanently by applying a stitch or any kind of occluding device on them. In the normal

TEST-TUBE BABIES



process of reproduction pregnancy starts in the fallopian tube when a sperm (male egg), penetrates and fertilizes an ovum. (See diagram on facing page.)

However, in some unfortunate women the tubes are blocked due to defect from birth or following infections such as tuberculosis, gonorrhoea or septic abortion (badly performed abortions). In some of these cases the obstruction can be relieved by an operation called tuboplasty. In others, where both the tubes are extensively damaged surgical correction is not possible and till recently these cases were considered to be hopeless.

Attempts were therefore made to transplant fallopian tubes from a healthy woman, whose family size was complete, to another whose tubes were damaged. Technically this procedure is difficult and the results are disappointing.

The test-tube baby method is another fascinating recent ad-

vance made to overcome the problems of blocked tubes in infertile women. The female egg is collected directly from the ovary and fertilized outside the body by contact with the husband's semen. This egg is then allowed to mature under laboratory conditions and after four days it is implanted in the womb, where it continues to grow as a pregnancy. Thus the blocked tubes are effectively bypassed. Pregnancy-supporting hormones are used to make the mother's system readily accept the fertilized egg and not reject it by an abortion.

The actual procedure is far more complex than it appears since there are technical problems at all stages which need to be precisely understood and overcome. The first is in the collection of the ovum. To facilitate this, the woman is given gonadotropic hormones to stimulate the ovaries to produce an egg at a predictable time. When this event is expected to occur, a thin tube called a laparoscope is passed inside the abdomen through a small

cut in the skin and the ovum contained in its follicle on the surface of the ovary is aspirated into a syringe with the help of a long needle.

A laparoscope is routinely used by gynaecologists to inspect organs inside the abdomen. However, it cannot be used in cases where there are adhesions in the abdomen resulting from past infections or operations. Unfortunately, in the majority of women having blocked tubes the ovaries are diseased and there are extensive adhesions. This makes collection of the ovum difficult if not impossible and the attempt may even involve some risk to the patient which a doctor may not like to take. Hence this procedure is only feasible and safe in a small percentage of women having blocked tubes.

The second obstacle in the procedure is survival of the fertilized ovum outside the body till it is ripe for inserting in the uterus. Despite all precautions, by

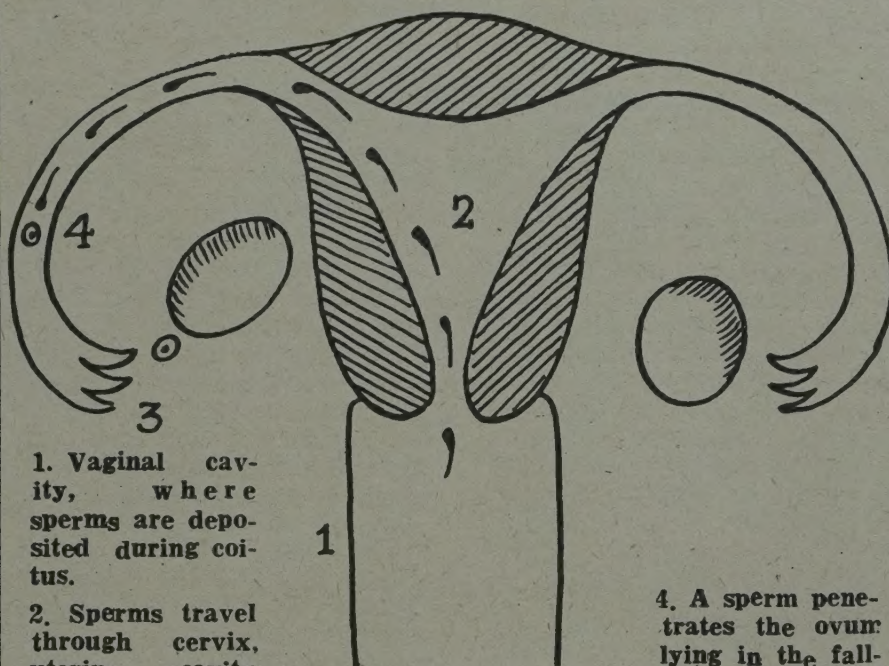
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the physiologists performing the feat, the process being an artificial one may lead to the formation of an abnormal foetus and result in a baby born with physical defects. To prevent such a calamity the ovum has to be examined for genetic abnormalities and rejected if found defective.

Despite every care and multiple attempts due to rejected ova, the risk of the new-born having developmental defects is substantial. Hence it is necessary to view the prospects of successful test-tube babies with caution. The risk of inflicting deep psychological trauma in the woman by repeated unsuccessful attempts over prolonged periods have to be kept in mind, as also the possibility of the agony of the birth of a defective child.

Such a complex procedure in order to be safely undertaken needs several years of experimentation and experience. Hence the claim of a successful test-tube baby by the three doctors from Calcutta was received with surprise as there had been no mention of such work being done by them in the past. Instead of implanting the ovum after incubation for four days, they chose to freeze the ovum for over 50 days before inserting it in the uterus. This method is likely to carry a greater risk of foetal malformation due to genetic damage. The

FERTILIZATION



1. Vaginal cavity, where sperms are deposited during coitus.

2. Sperms travel through cervix, uterine cavity and fallopian tube.

3. Ovum released by ovary is picked up by the fimbria and made to enter fallopian tube.

4. A sperm penetrates the ovum lying in the fallopian tube and fertilizes the egg. This is then transported to the uterine cavity where growth of the pregnancy and baby takes place.

authenticity of their claim can only be established after detailed records of their work are available for study, in which case it will certainly be lauded as a great achievement.

Test-tube pregnancies will create new horizons in the treatment of infertility in humans. Already procedures of this nature are being used fairly frequently in animal breeding. In future it will be possible to create pregnancies in women whose ovaries are destroyed by using ova from donors, fertilized by the husband's semen, and implanting the egg in the uterus of the patient. Today, as there are eye banks, blood banks and semen banks, possibly there will also be banks for ova. Science may even take us to a stage where it will be possible to achieve a full nine months development of the foetus under total laboratory conditions — a true test-tube baby.

(Dr. Rustom P. Soonawala, M.D., F.R.C.S., is Hon. Medical Director, Family Planning Association of India, and Hon. Consulting Obstetrician & Gynaecologist at the N. Wadia Maternity Hospital, the Breach Candy Hospital and the Jaslok Hospital & Research Centre.)

WHAT NEXT?

Louise Joy Brown, the first test-tube baby, has hit the world headlines. Where do we go from here? Will it all end up in genetic engineering, tinkering with life-forms and the manipulation of life processes, defective babies a multitude of surrogate mothers who, for a price, will be ready to have an embryo implant, or almost "custom built" babies with just the right traits and tastes and temperament?

Astrology helps here. It was during the transit or passage of Jupiter in the feminine and fecund sign Cancer, known as The Great Mother, The Universal Egg, that this "Baby of the Century" was born (July 25, 1978). Also, twelve years ago, when Jupiter was once again in Cancer, experiments in the process of human reproduction were launched. In other words, the sign Cancer, and the planet Jupiter, were common astrological factors for the

launch as well as the realisation of a test-tube baby. Is it not, therefore, logical to assume that as Jupiter will once again be in Cancer in 1989-1990, we could well be hearing of the successful resolution of conception, maturation and parturition?

This astrologer does not believe that horror will be piled on horror by subsequent research in human reproduction. The astro reason is that Jupiter is a benefic planet, at maximum strength (astrologers call it "exaltation") in the sign of house and home, nobility and motherhood, namely Cancer. Yes, Cancer is a spiritual, psychic sign. Some astrologers assign godhood to Jupiter in Cancer. Therefore, the research will prove a boon to mothers the world over. They

will bless the two scientists, Robert Edwards and Patrick Steptoe.

Here's how science will advance in its research in human reproduction. From September 5, 1978, to September 1979, Jupiter will be in Leo, the sign associated with children and government. It is probable that the coffers of the State will be wide open for further experimentation and the results will be gratifying. After September 1979, Jupiter will ingress in Virgo, the sign linked with medicine analysis, and alas(!) prudery! There will be fever-pitch controversies and disputes over the maleffects of tinkering with Nature and her secrets. Happily, it will all die down after October 1980 as Jupiter will leave Virgo. A big boost to

genetic engineering will be there between December 1981 to December 1982, as Jupiter will be in Scorpio, the sign of sex, science, regeneration (birth and death). Possibly, quite a few vital secrets about the nature and the process of life and birth will be revealed to the scientists. It will lead to a positive advance in solving the secrets of Nature. By one school of astrology, Jupiter in Scorpio is said to give a mastery over death itself. This could well mean that no woman will be motherless. Fantastic possibilities open out here. As genetics falls in the domain of Scorpio, it is between December 1981 to December 1982 that quite a few vital breakthroughs in genetics, biology, "silent genes", cancer cures, will be recorded.

Bejan Daruwalla

TEST-TUBE PRODUCTS

RAISING PLANTS FROM A FEW CELLS

Rice strains that have better yield, better quality and a greater resistance to weather or pests ... grown in a test-tube from a few cells

Shivanand Karkal

What possibly could a baby girl in England and another in Calcutta, a fly in France, and certain new strains of rice in China have in common? Nothing much, you'd think — and you'd be wrong, because each of these seemingly unrelated entities had their origin in a laboratory test-tube.

In fact, by a strange coincidence, news of the world's first test-tube fly came hard on the heels of news of the first test-tube baby. The test-tube fly was born after a decade of research by scientists at Lyons' French National Institute of Applied Sciences. According to a news report, this unique fly required an artificial culture medium containing some 70 different substances, just as the fertilized ovum was initially nurtured in a special fluid medium in the Steptoe-Edwards experiment.

To prove that the test-tube fly was much more than just

a scientific curiosity, it was pointed out that the new technique could be utilised to 'manufacture' these flies virtually en masse, and subsequently use them to destroy a type of insect breeding in sugarcane fields. Though this research is still at a largely theoretical level, the 'creation' of the test-tube fly opens out exciting new vistas. For instance, the technique could be extended to produce all kinds of helpful insects that prey on other harmful insects. Certain insects are known to account in large part for the decimation of foodstocks. Others cause and spread disease. The test-tube fly technique may well invest in scientists the power to eventually eliminate the insect menace.

A few days after the Oldham achievement had hit world headlines, the New China News Agency reported that agricultural scientists in Shanghai had produced new strains of rice in test-tubes. Apparently the new rice strains were got by pollen culture and breeding in special nutrient fluids, in a manner similar to the test-tube baby and test-tube fly. But the history of test-tube plants goes much beyond this, and they had in fact been actually grown long before even the concept of test-tube babies was born.

It was in the early 1900s that a German botanist, Gottlieb Haberlandt, first toyed with the idea of taking bits

and pieces of various parts and tissues from plants and growing them in special fluids in test-tubes. Three and a half decades later, three different botanists, one in the US and two in France, translated Haberlandt's concept into laboratory achievement. Thus, just as medical science had animal tissue cultures, botanists too began experimenting with plant tissue cultures.

Some years later, another botanist at Cornell University discovered that when fragments of carrots were cultured under certain conditions, they gave rise to cells that subsequently bunched together in an orderly fashion to form embryo-like aggregates. These aggregates could be made to produce an entire plant of the original kind. In other words, whole plants could be 'regenerated' from just the cultivation of a few cells from the parent plant.

The technique of test-tube plants involves their actual growth in test-tubes (at least till their size permits this, after which they can be transplanted in soil). Contrast this with the technique of test-tube babies — what is involved there is only *in vitro* (literally 'in glass' or in laboratory environment) fertilization of ovum by sperm, as compared to *in vivo* fertilization ('in the living body').

In vitro plant cultivation essentially utilises two kinds of plant tissue — one, specific

parts like roots, stems, flowers, fruits and seeds, and two, non-specific tissue called 'callus'. In the '60s, British botanist, Edward Cocking, discovered that plant cells could be separated from the tissue containing them, and subsequently they could be divested of the cell-walls by the addition of enzymes. Plant cells obtained by this procedure were termed 'protoplasts'. Scientists then speculated on the concept of 'protoplast fusion', that is, the union of protoplasts to yield an embryo, and ultimately, a whole new plant.

What is more, theoretically, one could mix protoplasts from different types of plants (say carrot and tomato) and thus obtain a new and unique hybrid plant. Till now, cross-fertilization between similar species has provided the only means of getting hybrid plants of better quality. But protoplast fusion holds out the promise of botanists juggling all sorts of plants of different species and coming up with any number of combinations — like an orchid crossed with a rose.

But in the long run the test-tube plant technique (or plant tissue culture) will be more concerned with the evolution of cereals yielding better harvests, plants that are more resistant to deleterious weather or harmful living agents, and so on. The recent Chinese achievement deserves mention because according to the scientists involved in the experiments, the new rice strains yielded 10-20 per cent more per unit area than their parent strains — and they had heavier tillering, stronger resistance to disease and better quality.

AN AUSTRALIAN WOMAN DIVES FOR ABALONE

Richard Brewster

Pat Dennison is an unusual woman. She is an abalone diver in an industry that has been dominated by men. (Abalone are edible mollusc with ear-shaped shell lined with mother-of-pearl.)

This is not the only thing that separates Mrs. Dennison from other women. At 38, she is at the age when most men in this strenuous profession think of retiring.

Following the break-up of her marriage, Mrs. Dennison recently returned to diving for abalone after two and a half years.

"I'm more at home underwater than with people," she said. "Anyway, who wants to employ an ex-abalone diver!"

Mrs. Dennison dives in Frederick Henry Bay near her home a few kilometres from Hobart, capital of Australia's island state of Tasmania.

Only 13 when she made her first dive, Mrs. Dennison later

joined the Derwent Skin Diving Club in Hobart. Moving to Sydney, she continued to dive for fun and, unable to find a job on her return to Hobart in 1966, took up abalone diving.

"The reaction to a woman diving for abalone in those days was disastrous, particularly from my parents," she said. "I still get that reaction now I have resumed. People do not understand, so they react adversely."

However, such a reaction is not apparent among Mrs. Dennison's male colleagues, who treat her as an equal.

Changes in conditions have made it easier to go back than

when she first began diving in 1966.

"Snorkels, garden hoses, rowboats, sugarbags and potato sacks were all standard equipment then," Mrs. Dennison said.

Aqualungs and compressors were later introduced and divers had to bring the catch to the surface and hold it there until the rowboat appeared.

Divers also split the abalone themselves and carted it to the factory. Now this is done by the factory.

Mrs. Dennison works from a motorboat using filtered diving hoses and with a deckhand controlling the air flow. The day starts

at 6 a.m. for Mrs. Dennison preparing the children for school. By 10 a.m. she is diving at Frederick Henry Bay and stays out for about three or four hours.

"I dive there because it is close to home and allows me to plan my day around my children," she said.

"Diving is a matter of common sense," she said. "You do your deep dive first, then you shallow dive. You do not dive deep if the weather is bad."

Australia's abalone industry is worth almost \$A 18,000,000 a year. About half the catch is exported to Japan and the rest to Hong Kong, Singapore, Canada and West Germany. There are 383 registered abalone divers in Australia, 125 of them in Tasmania.

Mrs. Dennison hopes to continue diving as long as her health allows. From a pastime she used to enjoy, the 38-year-old abalone diver now considers diving as "just a job".

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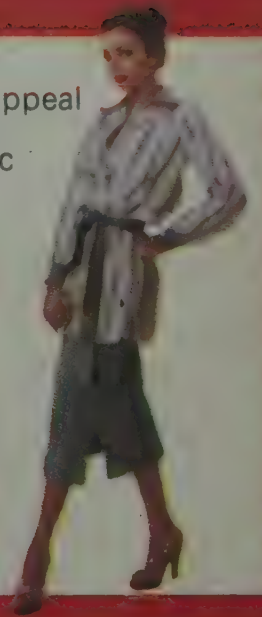
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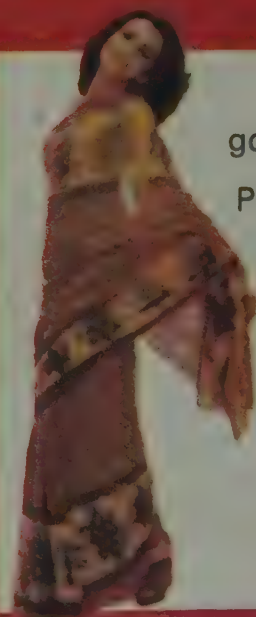
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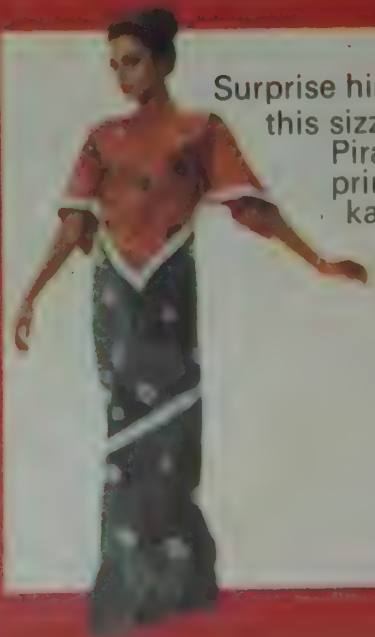
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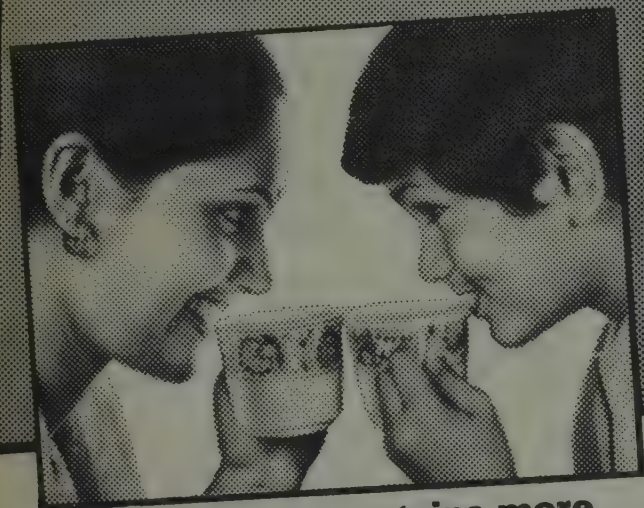
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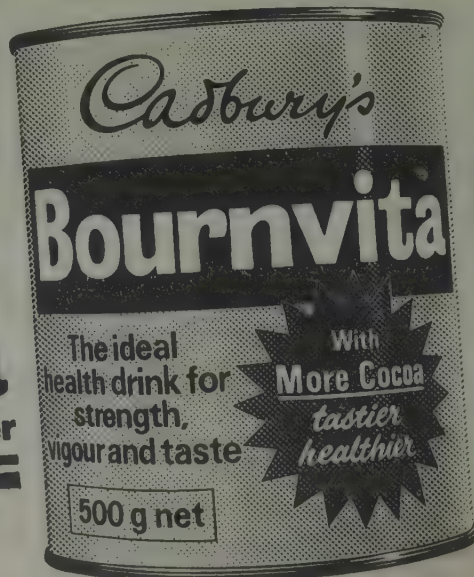
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SOCIAL FUTURES:

IT BEGAN WITH A FIG LEAF...

Meher Castelino

Fashions move so fast that today's wardrobe becomes tomorrow's dusters or dish-rags. What fashion holds for the future is anybody's guess, but here are some of the possibilities...

Little did Eve realise when she plucked those fig leaves to cover herself that she would be triggering off the biggest money-spinning business that ever existed — Fashion! Eve adorned herself with leaves, animal skins, flowers, bones, seeds and anything else that caught her fancy. Gradually, along with the advent of civilization man started using cloth which was draped in various ways, depending on which part of the globe one hailed from.

Making clothes for the mercurial Eve kept many people in business. Long sweeping gowns, and drooping necklines came and went. Sleeves were tight, loose, ballooning, false or totally absent.

Accessories were aplenty — hats, hoods, the Gable, the Caul or Fret and the veiled look all proved popular with milady. Queen Victoria ushered in the cumbersome crinoline. Soon it was the Bustle and heavy-boned bodies with handspan waists. At the start of the 20th century the female form was still totally covered from head to toe. Leg of Mutton sleeves and the 1902 "Gibson Girl Look," where the body was moulded into the Gibson Bend or S-Bend with the help of a corset, took America by storm. Till the 1920s the woman was encased in varying



forms of skirts, sleeves, necklines, all very restricting, all very demure.

And then it was the Roaring 20s — and total freedom — loose dresses, skirts above the knees and womankind was at last free of her shackles. No longer was she a slave to whale-bone corsets, constricting collars, suffocating sleeves and tottering skirts. Here was total freedom and Eve lapped it all up.

In the 40s Dior introduced the 'New Look'. Unfortunately, the war had subdued the fashion bug in many. But the 'New Look' persisted and the idea stretched on till the 60s when the revolutionary Mini completely unsettled the male population and revitalised the female of the species into showing her legs right up to the thighs. By this time Women's Lib was gradually gaining ground and that brought about the popular trouser suit. By the time the

The dress at left which seems to be straight out of a science fiction film, was worn by Marlene Dietrich in a film in the forties.



RIGHT: "Fashions will take a slightly eccentric turn," says one designer, "with women opting for the totally bald heads or the Victorian ornate look."

EXT. RIGHT: Under the see-through cape is a body-clinging metallic dress. Metal fabric, plastic moulds, chain-links...

Picnic Piccadillos



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IT BEGAN WITH A FIG LEAF...

70s dawned the hemlines had dropped again and clothes were more free and easy.

The present trend in fashion borders more on sensationalism although a strong hint of practicality still exists. Oversized, masculine clothes for women along with the return of grandma's antique clothes are making news all over the world. The Women's Equality Movement has left a distinct mark on the fashion scene. The no-bra look has given way to female fashions with a strong masculine look. Shops are selling men's ties, jackets, trousers, hats and coats to women. (Wonder what the men are wearing?) Funnily enough, today's girl does not follow the trends set by the head of her own country but prefers the look of other countries. The Chinese Look, The Military Look, The Hungarian Look, The Swiss Look, The Indian Look, The African Look — they have all had their popular innings. Tired with these overplayed looks she now experiments with the bizarre and freaked out look or the terrifying "Punk Look". Generous use of plastic, steel, wire and anything way out and extraordinary has found its way into the female wardrobe. Fabric wise, it is a close fight between the pure cottons and the synthetics and it seems that the future is all set to usher in the emergence of synthetics.

So much for fashions of yesteryears and today, but what of the future? Will fashion remain the big business it has always been? What turn will the future trends in fashion take? What will be the fabric of tomorrow? Will female emancipation continue to play an active part in the projecting of clothes for the future Eve? Will the male still remain the cause for women splurging on clothes? Or will a woman dress only to keep up with the Joneses? Judging from the predictions of some of the top Indian and Western designers, clothes are going to be practical.

Jakie Ross Stewart, one of England's leading designers who is exclusively with Van Allan, bets heavily on plastic-moulded garments for the future. "The synthetic or plastic moulded dress will be tomorrow's garment. Cloth — cotton or silk — will be in short supply and because of the fast pace of life it may not be possible to spend time on making clothes. Brief pre-moulded garments will save time." Jakie Ross does not feel that the market will be restricted for plastic clothes nor will it matter how economically sound a country is to be able to afford to clothe her people in the new material.



ABOVE: The outfit of a fashionable girl in London differs very little from that of a girl in any other capital city of the world.

RIGHT: The clinging mini of the Twisting Sixties modified a little and brought up to date. What will be the modification the day after tomorrow?

"India is a developing country but the speed with which it is progressing, it is able to match any western developed nation. Similarly, all developing nations are making rapid progress. Besides, today there is manpower to stitch garments but tomorrow with so much emphasis on population control the drop in population might affect the production of garments and moulded clothes can be the answer. Speed will also shorten distances which in turn will affect clothes which will have to be practical to suit maybe a trip to the moon. Body painting may also be revived again. High fashion garments will still be designed for the small minority who have the time and money. But for the average woman it will be an easy, comfortable garment within a budget."

Munira Chudasama, one of Bombay's leading fashion designers, feels that financially the fashion business will be as lucrative as, or even more than, it has been in the past. "As long as there are women the future of fashion is secure. But the future will bring about garments with total utilitarian value. There will be a distinct swerve towards freedom of movement in clothes. Colours will be vibrant and it will be the age of synthetics. The average woman may not be affected by the drastic scientific changes in the world as far as her clothes are concerned and the big fashion houses will also have



to cater to her. The elite minority may choose way out clothes but the everyday woman will settle for down-to-earth sensible garments." Munira however feels that the Indian woman will remain conservative in her dress and be faithful to the saree.

"The saree may be draped differently to economise on cloth, but it will not take second position to the western dress. The

village belle will continue to sport the ghagra/choli or saree. For the urban miss, churidars, salwars and trousers will be popular." As far as the ancient art of weaving and embroidery is concerned, for which India is famous: "Craftsmen are already in short supply and in future a single embroidered piece may become a collector's item and embroidery itself may become more simplified and modernistic."

Jackie Narielwala, an established Bombay designer, also predicts synthetics for tomorrow's woman. "But the future trend in fashion will revert back to the past. Fashions will take a slightly eccentric turn with women opting for totally bald heads or the Victorian ornate look. Everything that we have dispensed with will probably return — like hats, hairpieces, ornaments, body paint. The Indian woman may adorn her hair with flowers or hairpieces and the ghagra may change from the maxi to the midi. The saree will remain supreme but the modern Indian girl even today is slowly wearing pantsuits and dresses because she is more mobile and life for her is fast-paced.

"Financially, fashion will be big business. The ever increasing economic pressures on women will drive them into offices to supplement the family income which in turn will generate the need to dress well to enable them to compete in the rat race."

And finally, a woman will always remain a woman and so she will either dress to keep up with the Joneses and the changing fashion scene or to please the many male admirers in her life. In all, the future of fashion for milady appears exciting, unusual, unpredictable to a certain extent, but definitely worth a try for any potential fashion designer aspiring to financial and professional gain.

'Well, I still think you're making a mistake,' repeated Karen, her youthful face pensive. 'You've only known Gavin a couple of months.'

'Long enough to know he isn't quite the rake you're making him out to be,' Leigh grinned at her friend, grateful for her concern but hoping it would be needless. 'Honestly, he's quite harmless.'

She only hoped that she believed what she was saying. Gavin was harmless, at least she hoped so. She was now beginning to regret her impulsive acceptance of his invitation to stay at his father's country home for the weekend. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now she wasn't so sure. After all, Karen was right, she didn't know Gavin that well. She was prevented from saying any more by the arrival of the boy she had just been talking to Karen about.

'Hi,' he smiled at the two girls before seating himself in one of the only two armchairs they possessed. 'Ready?' he asked Leigh.

'If you are,' Leigh picked up her tiny overnight case.

'What a super car!' she exclaimed as Gavin climbed agilely in beside her.

Gavin flicked on the ignition before answering her. 'It is, isn't it?' he grinned. 'Dad picked it out for me.'

'You must have a very wealthy father,' she said, completely without guile, settling more comfortably into her low black leather bucket seat.

He grinned at her as they left the London traffic far behind them. 'He is,' he said without conceit. 'Very much so.'

'Dad was a racing driver,' he went on. 'I tried it and failed. For the best maybe. It's a very rough life.'

'But exciting?'

Gavin shrugged his shoulders. 'I suppose so. But my mother didn't think so. She walked out and left Dad when I was three years old. Thank God she didn't take me with her.'

Leigh made no comment, sensing an underlying bitterness at his mother's early rejection of him. But had it been rejection? His mother might have just thought he would be better off with his father, although Leigh found this hard to believe. Who in their right mind would imagine that a three-year-old boy would be happier with a father who was constantly risking his life as a racing driver, a sport that seemed totally pointless to Leigh anyway, what sort of woman could leave a little boy of three to such a fate?

He looked sideways at her as he drove. 'What did your parents say about this weekend? You said they wouldn't approve.'

'I didn't tell them.' Was it her

imagination or had Gavin actually smiled when she said that? 'I thought about it for a while, and then decided it seemed pointless to worry them when I was only going away for the weekend with a friend. I've done it dozens of times before, and just because you happen to be a male friend it shouldn't make any difference.'

Actually Leigh felt rather guilty about this omission to her parents. Usually she told them everything, but as she wasn't romantically involved with Gavin this weekend seemed quite harmless. She wasn't sure her parents would have felt the same way, though. She wasn't even sure she did now.

'Well, it does to me,' Gavin laughed. 'A great deal of difference.'

'Gavin!' she said reproachfully. 'I told you, I'm not interested in you that way. You're just a friend, that's all. Anyway, we're too young to be thinking of marriage.'

Gavin looked startled. 'Marriage! Who said anything about marriage? I certainly didn't.'

'Gavin!' Leigh half turned in her seat to look at him. 'If you weren't talking about marriage, just what were you— Oh!'

He laughed as she broke off in confusion. 'It certainly wasn't marriage,' he chuckled. 'Don't look so shocked, Leigh. Stop being such a prude. Don't you know it goes on all the time?'

'Not with me it doesn't!' she said indignantly, crossing her arms protectively across her chest. 'I think I've changed my mind about this weekend, Gavin. I didn't realise what you had in mind when I agreed to come.'

'Relax,' he said abruptly. 'We're nearly there now anyway. At least see what the place looks like before talking of going home.'

'Come on.' He pulled at her arm until she stumbled blindly out of the car. 'And don't make too much noise.'

'Why?' she whispered, their feet crunching noisily on the gravel of the driveway. 'Is your father here after all?' she asked hopefully.

'No, he isn't!' Gavin snapped. 'But we do have a housekeeper and her husband who's the gardener. They live in the basement flat and I don't want you waking them up.'

Leigh's spirits lifted a little. So there was someone in the house. Perhaps—

'No,' Gavin shook his head as if guessing her thoughts. 'The Nicholls are very broadminded. They have to be in this house.'

'I'm not surprised!' Leigh said tartly, tugging the firm painful grip he had of her arm. How could she have ever thought he was nice! Her mother had always said her trusting nature would get her into trouble one day.

Why was her mother always right?

'I was referring to my father, not myself.' Gavin walked with long strides into the house, dragging the reluctant Leigh behind him.

'Your father!' The more she heard of Gavin's father the less she liked him.

'Sure,' he grinned at her. 'Have you never heard of Piers Sinclair? I told you he was a racing car driver—well, now he designs them. Surely you must have heard of him, I thought everyone had.'

Gavin put down her small overnight case which now seemed rather incongruous in this magnificent house. Walking confidently over to the drinks cabi-

PART ONE

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Carole Mortimer

Originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London. (C) Carole Mortimer (Australian Copyright) 1978.

net, that Leigh felt sure must be a genuine antique, he poured out two glasses full of liquid and handed one out towards her.

'No, thanks.' Leigh put her hands effectively behind her back so that she couldn't be made to take the glass. 'I don't drink.'

Gavin, pushed the glass at her in a triumphant gesture. The amber liquid upset all over her dark blue jeans and the coldness of it made her gasp.

'Ooh!' She brushed frantically at the fast soaking in liquid, wrinkling her nose delicately at the stickiness of her legs.

Gavin pulled out a handkerchief and began mopping up as best he could, bending down on one knee to gain better access to the largest of the wet patches on her jeans.

Leigh, seeing her chance of escape, pushed him over and not waiting to see any more she ran blindly to the door. She found herself in an unfamiliar darkened room and realising her mis-

take turned to re-enter the lounge, only to be stopped in her tracks by the harsh anger of a voice she didn't recognise.

'Gavin! What the hell are you doing on the floor?'

'Dad!' Gavin exclaimed, and Leigh shrank back against the door. Piers Sinclair!

'God, it smells like a brewery in here! How much have you had to drink, Gavin? And where's Lee?'

So he had told his father he was bringing her here after all!

'Leigh is...' Gavin hesitated. 'Leigh is in your study.'

'In my—! What the hell is he doing in there?'

Before Leigh could move further back into the room the study door was flung open and she stood in the sudden glare of the lights staring at the silhouette of the man she only knew as a



same, her violet eyes huge and terrified. The man before her took a step forward and pulled her effortlessly into the lounge.

Leigh stared up into a pair of deep blue eyes set in a ruggedly handsome face. At the moment his features were grim and forbidding, but even so Leigh found him completely devastating. It was perfectly obvious that this was Gavin's father, the likeness between them was too great to be any other. But whereas Gavin's face was still young and boyish, this man's was hard and cynical, as if he had seen all life had to offer and found it wanting. He was aged between thirty-five and forty and Leigh found herself trembling at his nearness.

Piers Sinclair looked at her with cold indifference. 'As my son doesn't seem forthcoming

**The six-part
serialisation beginning
this week tells
the story of Leigh
Stanton, an 18-year-
old pre-nurse,
and her boy friend
Gavin Sinclair,
whose father is a
playboy millionaire**

perhaps you wouldn't mind supplying a few simple answers to a few simple questions. Like, who the hell are you? What are you doing here, if that isn't a rather too stupid question,' he added

enigmatically. 'And why do you smell like a whisky bottle?'

Leigh gasped in disbelief. Somewhere along the line she had come out of this as the person in the wrong, how she didn't know, but she felt her temper rising at this man's unwarranted rudeness. 'My name, Mr. Sinclair, happens to be Leigh, Leigh Stanton.' She saw dawning realisation in his eyes and carried on, her voice stilted with disapproval at his attitude. 'I'm here because your son chose to bring me here. And I smell of whisky because Gavin tipped a whole glassful down my jeans. And may I add that after meeting you I understand his actions much better than I did.'

'Really, Miss Stanton?' His voice had softened dangerously, and Leigh saw that even Gavin was beginning to shift uncomfortably. 'Is this true?' Piers Sinclair demanded of his son.

'Yes, I suppose so,' mumbled Gavin.

'Don't ever lie to me again, Gavin!' his father said harshly. 'You know it's the one thing I will not tolerate, not after your mother.'

'But I—I didn't lie.' Gavin's eyes, so much like the older man's began to look pleading and Leigh began to feel sorry for him. 'I did tell you I was bringing Leigh here for the weekend.'

Piers Sinclair looked coldly at Gavin. 'You told me you were bringing someone called Lee here, knowing full well that I would think it was that boy Lee you share your flat with.'

Leigh picked up her case and marched purposefully towards the door. 'I couldn't give a damn what you talked about. If you and your son will excuse me, I am going home.'

'But you can't go home now, Leigh,' interrupted Gavin. 'It's very late. I'm certainly not taking you back at this time of night.'

'I have two perfectly healthy legs and I'm sure some nice kind person will offer me a lift home.'

Piers Sinclair stood up, shrugging the sheepskin jacket back over his powerful shoulders. 'You're right—I will.'

Leigh's eyes widened. 'I wouldn't exactly call you kind, Mr. Sinclair,' she told him rudely.

'Now—if you've quite finished wasting time I'm ready to leave. I gather you live in London?'

'Yes, but—'

'Please, Miss Stanton!' he said tersely, guessing she was about to protest again. 'No more arguments. I've had a long day and am not really in the mood. They're quite pointless anyway as I have no intention of leaving a kid like you to her own devices. I can well imagine what they might be.'

Leigh followed him out of the house, not bothering to say good-

bye to Gavin; she felt sure he already knew that was what it was. 'I'm not a "kid", Mr. Sinclair!' She glared at him defiantly, for once glad of her height. This man was a positive bully!

Piers Sinclair replied shortly. 'Why don't parents keep a closer watch on their kids nowadays?'

'Like you do?' she enquired sweetly.

He glanced about him at the still busy streets. 'Now where do you live?'

Leigh saw with some surprise that they were already back in London. The journey had passed quickly, taking even less time than it had with Gavin, but then that was only to be expected. She gave him the directions to her flat.

He firmly took hold of her arm and walked with her towards the house where she shared the top floor converted into a tiny apartment with Karen. 'I want to have a word with your parents,' he said sternly. 'You're much too young to be living the way you do.'

'And just how is that?'

'Rough,' came the short reply.

Leigh looked at him resentfully. 'I don't live with my parents. And I'll thank you to keep out of my life. I've managed perfectly well so far without any interference from you, and I'm sure I'll continue to do so.'

'I'm sure you will,' he agreed coldly. 'And as your parents don't seem to care who you spend your weekends with, why should I?'

'I didn't say my parents don't care about me, just that I don't live with them,' Leigh said crossly.

'It amounts to the same thing.'

'Is that the way you feel about Gavin living away from home?'

'No, of course it isn't. But then it isn't the same thing at all. It just isn't possible for Gavin to live with me all the time. I travel a great deal and it would be too unsettling for him if he lived with me. Although why I should be explaining myself to you I really don't know.'

'It isn't possible for me to live with my parents either. They happen to live forty miles away and I need to live near my work.'

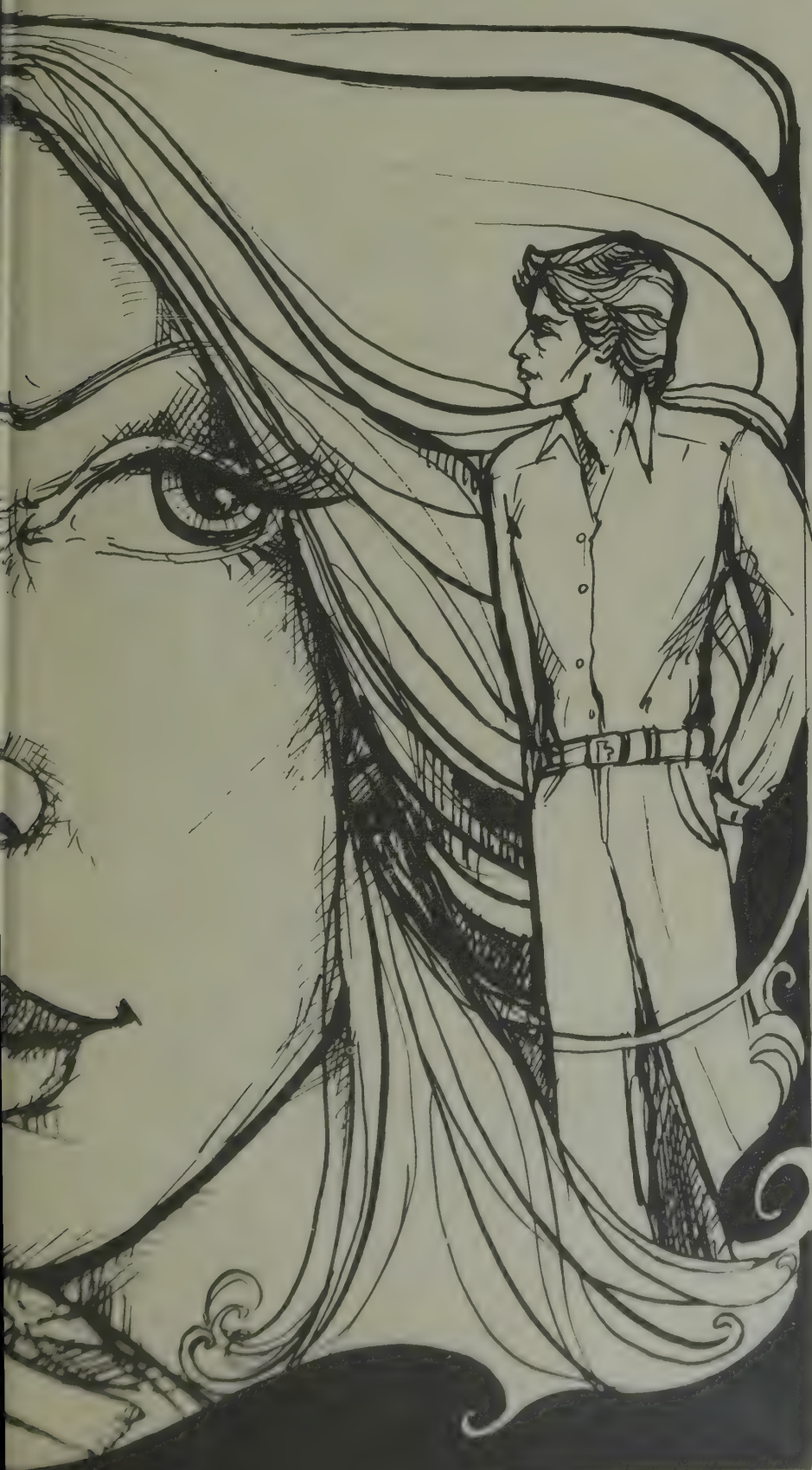
'Ah yes, your work,' he derided. 'Well, as there seems to be no one I can tell to look after you better in future I may as well leave you to continue ruining your life.'

'Goodbye, Mr. Sinclair. I won't bother to be hypocritical and say it's been nice meeting you, because it hasn't been that for either of us.'

'Too true.' With this he turned sharply on his heel and walked away.

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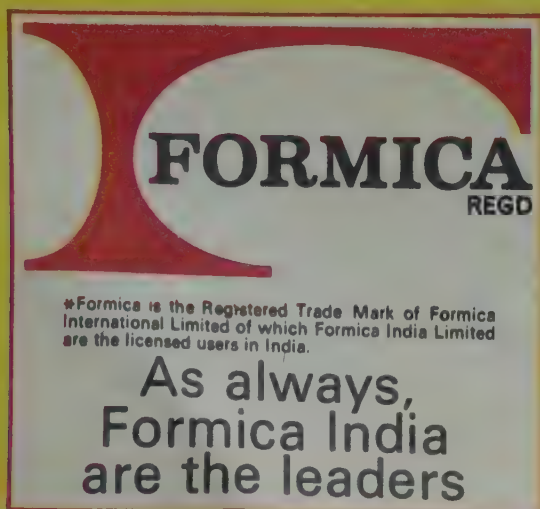
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SUNSHINE TOP

For you to knit...an eye-catching top in warm colours, in fairisle pattern

Materials: Knitting wool "modelle", Amarpali 4 ply; 12 balls Yellow 713, 3 balls Green 733, 2 balls Red 731, 25 grams each. Knitting needles no. 10 and no. 11, 3 small buttons and a press button.

Measurements: To fit bust 81.5 cms., length 64 cms., sleeves seams 41 cms.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st.st. on no. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: k. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; beg. = beginning; alt. = alternate; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; rep. = repeat.

FRONT

With no. 10 needles and Yellow wool cast on 120 sts. and start with a k. row work in st.st. for 2 cms. ending with a p. row.

Commence fairisle pattern.

1st row: Join Green wool, k. * 3 Green, 3 Yellow, rep. from * to end.

2nd row: P. * 3 Yellow, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

3rd row: Work as 1st row, fasten off Yellow wool.

4th row: Join Red wool, p. * 3 Green, 3 Red, rep. from * to end.

5th row: K. * 3 Red, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

6th row: P. as 4th row, fasten off Red wool.

7th row: Rejoin Yellow wool, k. * 3 Green, 3 Yellow, rep. from * to end.

8th row: P. * 3 Yellow, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows twice more, fasten off Yellow wool.

13th row: Rejoin Red wool, k. * 3 Red, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

14th row: P. * 3 Green, 3 Red, rep. from * to end.

15th row: K. as 13th row.

16th row: P. * 3 Red, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

17th row: K. * 3 Green, 3 Red, rep. from * to end.

18th row: P. as 16th row.

19th, 20th and 21st rows: As 13th, 14th and 15th rows respectively. Fasten off Red wool.

22nd row: P. Join Yellow wool * 3 Yellow, 3 Green, rep. from * to end.

23rd row: K. * 3 Green, 3 Yellow, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 22nd and 23rd rows twice more.

Fasten off Yellow and Green wool.

28th row: Join Red wool and

worked, commence the 33 row of fairisle pattern after completing 25 rows of Yellow. After working 12 rows of the fairisle pattern start armhole shaping.

Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of fairisle pattern, cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next 2 rows then continue straight till work measures 2

cms. above the 3rd fairisle pattern, end with a p. row.

Shape Neck:

1st row: K. 41 sts., turn and leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

2nd row: Cast off 4 sts., p. to end.

3rd row: K.

4th row: Cast off 3 sts., p. to end.



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beauty bulletin

DIFFICULTY IN SLEEPING

I find difficulty in getting sleep at night. I have been told that a hot glass of milk just before going to bed induces sleep. Will this help?

M. N. (Bombay)

In this hectic pace of modern living we need to relax completely. It is the overtired or tensed person who finds it difficult to sleep; hence a deep, refreshing sleep is very essential. A good hot bath relaxes the nerves and induces sleep. A warm nightcap such as hot milk or chocolate, before retiring, or a book are all good to induce sleep.

Try to relax completely once you lie down. If you have had a tiring day, this might be difficult, so relax deliberately. Lie on your back and first let one arm go limp, then the other. Do the same with your legs. You must be comfortable and try to forget the problem that has been upsetting you. In this way you will get refreshing sleep.

So try, these suggestions and see what helps in your case. And remember, never take sleeping tablets.

BRUSH TEETH WELL

I have a pretty set of teeth but sometimes they look dull and yellowish. How can I keep them healthy?

S. B. (Delhi)

You must make it a habit of brushing your teeth well — not just a few swishes of the brush — after every meal to dislodge the food particles.

HEALTHY TEETH



A good set of teeth are a beauty asset. A nutritious diet containing calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin C and D is essential for strong teeth. Bleeding gums are first signs of lack of Vitamin C so take foods rich in this nutrient. Fortification of diet with fish liver oil for Vitamin D is not so essential as we have plenty of sunshine.

Brushing your teeth with ordinary kitchen salt will make them sparkle.

PUFFINESS BELOW EYES

I have a smooth complexion devoid of any blemishes and attractive features except for my eyes. There is puffiness below them. Is there a remedy for this?

C. C. K. (Hyderabad)

This condition could be due to poor metabolism or lack of sufficient rest or sleep. Or it could be hereditary.

You should eat well — take plenty of fresh vegetables, fruit and milk. And make sure that you get a minimum of eight hours sleep daily.

Here is an exercise to reduce puffiness. Close your eyes very tight, then squeeze them together, open wide. Do this five times. Relax completely after each effort. Do 20 times daily.

SHAPING EYEBROWS

Of late I have started shaping my eyebrows. I use a pencil but the line is harsh and does not give my brows a natural effect. Any tips for me?

T. T. (Bangalore)

A harsh line will always give a harsh look. First make sure that the pencil is pointed and the point free from grease. Use light feathery strokes to avoid the hard, unnatural look.

TRY THIS EXERCISE

I am a typist and most of the time I am sitting at my desk — because of this my feet get tired. Any remedy?

Sometimes during the day I am all tensed up. Any simple exercises to unwind myself?

P. H. (Delhi)

If you are sitting most of the time, you should exercise your legs as well as your feet. As you sit with your feet parallel and flat on the floor, just raise and lower your toes. Do the same with your heels. By doing this your ankles, calves and arches of your feet will relax.

You can unwind your nerves with a simple nape massage. Press fingers of your hands firmly on the nape of the neck. Then massage with small circular movements pressing down. Do this for about ten minutes.

SUNSHINE TOP

5th row: K.

6th row: Cast off 2 sts., p. to end.

7th and alt. rows: K.

8th and 10th rows: As 6th row.

12th, 14th, 16th rows: Dec. 1 st. at beg. (neck edge), p. to end.

Continue straight till work measures 17 cms. from start of armhole shaping, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder:

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row and 9 sts. at beg. of next alt. row, fasten off. Slip 10 sts. at centre of neck on to a safety pin. Join Yellow wool to remaining sts. and work the other side to correspond with the first side, reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as for front till 25 rows of st.st. are worked after the completion of the second fairisle pattern.

Divide for back opening: With right side of work facing start the 3rd strip of fairisle pattern.

Pattern across 57 sts., k. 6 sts. in Yellow wool. Leave remaining sts. on a spare needle and work on first set of sts.

Continue in pattern working a border of 6 garter sts. for centre back, and working 3 buttonholes in the garter st. border at equal distances.

Shape armhole as for front and continue till work measures 5 cms. above the 3rd fairisle pattern, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Neck: K. across the row.

Next row: Cast off 12 sts. p. to end.

Next row: K. across the row.

Then dec. at neck edge as for front neck working from 4th row onwards till 25 sts. remain.

Continue straight till back matches front to shoulder, ending at armhole edge, shape shoulder as for front, fasten off. To work the other side, cast on 6 sts. from back of garter st. border and

work these in garter sts. then k. across the remaining sts. Complete to match first side, reversing shapings and omit the buttonholes.

SLEEVES:

With Yellow wool and no. 10 needles cast on 96 sts. and starting with a k. row work 7 cms. in st.st. ending with a p. row.

Now work the fairisle pattern of 33 rows as for front and continue straight in st.st. with Yellow wool till sleeve measures 29 cms. from cast on edge, ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 7th row till there are 112 sts., continue straight till work measures 45 cms. in length, ending with a p. row.

Shape top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at each end of next 12 rows, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

To Make Up:

Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams.

Turn 5 cms. of hem at lower edge and 3.5 cms. at sleeve edge to wrong side and hem stitch in place, set sleeves into armholes.

Neck Band:

With no. 11 needles and right side of work facing and with Yellow wool, at left side of back neck, pick up and k. 26 sts. to shoulder, 30 sts. along left side of front neck, k. across 10 sts. at centre front of neck, pick and k. 30 sts. along right side of front neck to shoulder, and 26 sts. along right side of back neck.

Work in st.st. for 4 cms., cast off.

Hem to wrong side to neck edge. Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes and sew a press button to top of neck band.

Arnavaz Dhondy

PENCILS AND PADS

TIPS
AND
TOES



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TIPS
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STEP BY STEP COOKERY

Stuffed Parathas

Homemade parathas are unusually light and have a luxurious aroma and flavour.

With easy, do-ahead dough and stuffing on hand, SUSHILLA VASWANI shows you the correct way in four easy to follow steps

2 cups flour (wheat); 1 tbsp. oil; a pinch of salt; a little water to knead.

FOR THE STUFFING:

4 eggs; 2 onions, finely chopped; salt to taste; 2 to 3 green chillis; 2 to 3 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped. (Grated carrots mixed with salt and chilli powder or grated radish mixed with salt and chilli powder or boiled and mashed potatoes mixed with salt, chilli powder and lime juice may be used as alternative stuffing).

Combine eggs, onions, salt, green chillis and coriander leaves together. Mix well and make an omelette. Chop it into small pieces and keep it aside. Let it cool.

Combine the flour, oil, salt and water and knead it to a smooth dough. Divide it into 4 equal portions. Roll each portion into the dry flour and keep aside.

1. Roll each ball into a thick chappatti.

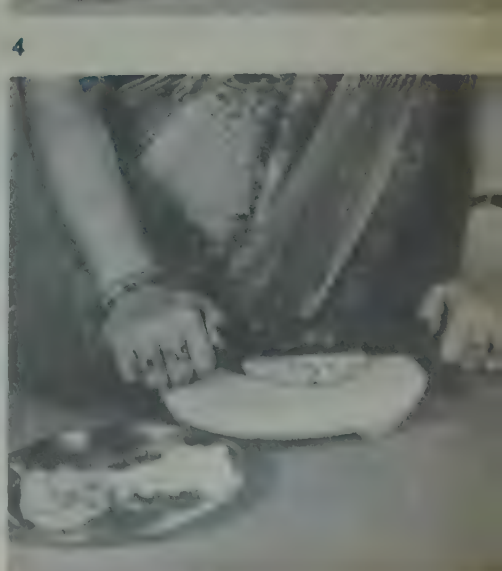
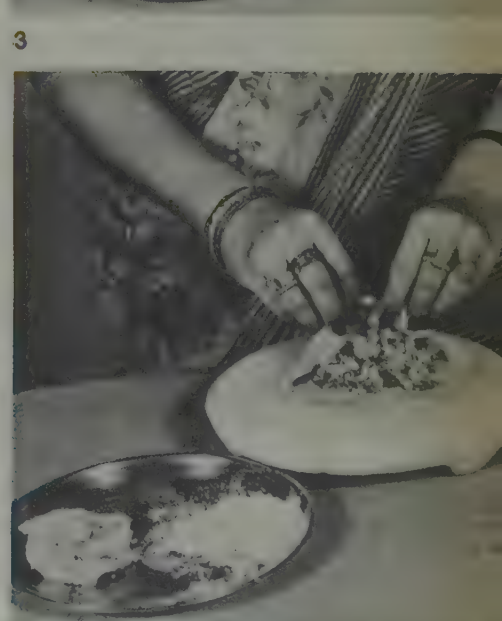
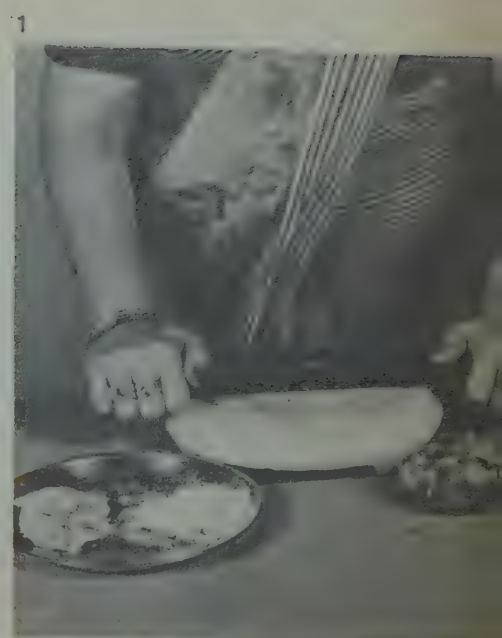
2. Apply little oil and place

one fourth of the egg mixture in the centre of the chappatti.

3. Fold the chappatti from all the sides and cover the egg mixture. Seal the open edges.

4. Roll it into the dry flour and once again roll it into a thick chappatti. Roast on the tava. When half cooked on both sides apply a tbsp. of oil on either side and remove when brown.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter



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eve today

They call her the people's actresses.

Jamuna Ramana Rao has been acting in Telugu films for 25 years. Rarely has an actress retained her glamour for as long as that.

"Of course, I started acting very early in my teens," she says, "and as I grew older more roles kept coming to me." Her first picture was "Puttillu".

"The most distinct feature of the film artiste is not a glamorous physical form, but an unblemished personal character," said Mr. I. J. Naidu, Chief Secretary to the Andhra Pradesh Government, at a reception to felicitate Jamuna on her silver jubilee year in films. The Hyderabad Film Circle organised this function in the Lal Bahadur Stadium, and the proceeds went into the formation of a trust for old and indigent film and stage artistes.

Mr. L. K. Advani, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Mr. Chenna Reddy, Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, N. T. Rama Rao, veteran Telugu actor, and Hema Malini were among those who attended the function. The title of "Prajnati" — the people's actress — was conferred on Jamuna by Mr. Advani.

"I am happy that I can help a few artistes," says Jamuna. "I feel that after all these years of my life as an artiste, I am now getting an opportunity to help my colleagues who are suffering owing to poverty or old age." On that evening she herself presented two artistes with Rs. 600 each. Both the artistes are old and paralysed and one also had the misfortune of having his house washed away at the time of the cyclone.

Liked by all for her simplicity and uprightness, Jamuna is a well-known figure in Hyderabad. She is Chairman of the Drama Sub-Committee of the A.P. Sangeeta Nataka Akademi, and President of the State Federation of Professional Artistes. She has also founded the Jamuna Welfare Association which helps aged and impoverished artistes. "I have made one condition," she says. "Anytime I am called upon to be Chief Guest at a function, I insist that one old artiste of that region or area be honoured — not just with a bouquet or garland and shawl, but with a purse of Rs. 500 or more. And we make a priority of honouring those of seventy years or more."

Recently when the people of Yeleswaram in East Godavari invited her, they sent purses to an eminent writer and a singer.

Married to Dr. Ramana Rao of Osmania University, Jamuna lives in the picturesque Banjara Hills. They have an eight-year-old son.

Jamuna came to the screen via the stage. She was still a school girl when the late Dr. Raja Rao saw her and she made her debut in "Puttillu". Since then she has not looked back. She has so far acted in 155 films, most of them Telugu. She has also acted in eight Hindi films, among them "Milan" and "Hamrahi".



JAMUNA

joined films in 1952 stars like Savitri, Janaki and Krishna Kumari were already at the top." She steadily made her way to the top herself, usually playing the heroine. Now she likes character roles.

Jamuna has founded her own theatre group, and her play, "Shri Krishna Tulabharam", has become very popular. This play too was produced with the aim of raising funds for old artistes. "I played Satyabhama in it," she says. "I have a deep and abiding love for mythologicals."

Jamuna is still very choosy and will not accept any role. "I feel today the stories and films are all hero-oriented, and as a senior artiste I have a right to complain," she says. "Nowadays the difference between the character presentation of a heroine and a vamp is very thin."

THE PEOPLE'S ACTRESS

**JAMUNA HAS BEEN ACTING
IN FILMS FOR
25 YEARS, AND HAS BEEN AT THE
TOP FOR MOST
OF THE TIME. BUT SHE HAS
RETAINED HER SIMPLICITY AND
HER CONCERN FOR
THE WELFARE
OF OLD AND POOR ARTISTES**

Between her busy shooting schedule Jamuna is also looking into the problems of touring theatre groups, trying to get loans and other facilities for them. She has also been trying to persuade the Endowments Department of the A.P. Government to provide funds for holding drama festivals on religious occasions in temples, as was done in the past.

And so Jamuna continues, helping others and working off for shooting to Madras or the districts, then back again in Hyderabad. She recently played Jodhabai, Emperor Akbar's queen in "Akbar Saleem Anarkali". She has just completed "Rama Pattabhishekam" in which she plays Mandodari opposite N. T. Rama Rao as Ravana.

Bilkiz Alladin

"She is very easy to work with," says Hema Malini, "and I enjoyed the time we spent together." She has also acted in Tamil and Kannada films.

"Were you not the youngest Telugu star at that time?" I asked. "Yes, when I

Jamuna was recently felicitated in Hyderabad on her completing 25 years in films. Seen on the occasion are (from left) Mr. L. K. Advani, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Jamuna, Mr. Chenna Reddy, Andhra Pradesh Chief Minister, Mr. Subirama Reddy, President of the Hyderabad Film Circle, and Hema Malini.





2. Slim skirt in printed velveteen has a satin top with an appliqued spray. A broad sash ties up at the waist.

3. Striped and checked for smartness. A cool with a shawl collar, worn over a turtle-neck, full sleeves top.

1. Lovable London look in a printed skirt and sheer blouse.
Note — the peek-a-boo lace slip is important!

LONDON LOOK!

Dinoo Vacha



5. A midi skirt with a co-ordinate print, buttons down the front. Worn with a matching top in cool cotton, has a canvas bag to match.

4. Two print pinny with a high waist is worn over a contrasting midi dress.

dinoo

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WOMEN AND NIGHT SHIFTS

N. D. Sharma

IN MOST INDUSTRIES WOMEN ARE BARRED FROM WORKING ON NIGHT SHIFTS. WITH WOMEN DEMANDING EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY IN WORK, HOW LONG CAN THIS BAN CONTINUE? LED BY THE ILO, THERE IS WORLDWIDE RETHINKING ON THIS ISSUE

The "weaker sex" in this country was first allowed to appear for the highest administrative service examinations in 1949. Since then, women have not looked back. Many who take on jobs in the administrative or police services have to work often at night and grumble no more than their male counterparts do for this inconvenience. Then, there are many women business executives who have never felt particularly inconvenienced by having to work at odd hours.

This is all true; though certainly not the whole truth. Women who do work on night shifts or would do so rather than give the impression that they are less than equal, are generally from the higher echelons of society. They make up only a small fraction of the total female work force estimated at 31 million in 1971.

For the majority, working on night shifts is simply out because of many social restrictions. However, medicine, nursing and entertainment are among the fields exempted from such restrictions.

This is true not only of India but of most countries, particularly in the Third World. "In the great majority of member states of the International Labour Organisation (ILO), legislation subjects the night work of women to restrictions which are today arousing increasing opposition in so far as they take the form of outright prohibition," says a working paper prepared by the ILO for a tripartite advisory meeting on night work. The meeting is being held in Geneva, attended by representatives of governments, employers and workers.

The two major issues on the agenda are:

1. A review of the current situation, focussing on the principal problems facing night workers, and steps already taken or planned to resolve them;
2. Discussion of measures which the ILO could take on night work, including the desirability of adopting new international standards on the subject.

The question of regulating night work for women may prove a complex one. Men and women are working more and more on an equal footing in factories and offices during the day. Why should they be treated differently for work at night?

Generally speaking, women workers in industries such as textiles, metallurgy and chemicals cannot go on night shifts, except in rare cases. But a nurse is called on to work at night and a bar waitress stays on duty till early morning.

These are the inconsistencies of the existing regulations. In several countries the rules banning night work for women have

a general application but with a series of exceptions — most frequently for agriculture and stock-raising, health care institutions, hotels and restaurants.

In other countries, the ban is limited to industry, generally de-

them to take on responsibility are most often exempt from the ban. Another category includes women in the health and allied services catering to industrial concerns.

But a list of the legal restric-

six hours, as in Italy (between midnight and 6 a.m.) or 12 hours (between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m.) as in Burma, Colombia, Guatemala, Indonesia and Lesotho. Other countries, including India, do not fix the beginning and the end of "night".

It is rare for legislation not to include some exemption to the ban on night work for women. For example, undertakings subject to the influence of the seasons can, in several countries, reduce the nightly rest period for women in the season when work cannot wait. Other countries, such as West Germany, Belgium and Japan, permit partial exemption for work which may not be interrupted because of its nature or which is carried out by successive shifts.

Complete exemptions are most frequent in cases of essential and emergency services and for work on raw materials which are subject to rapid deterioration.

Interestingly, it was the ILO which had, by its Convention No. 89 of 1948, banned, in principle, night work for women in industry. In 1973-74 the ILO office consulted member-states about the desirability of revising the Convention.

The ILO has also taken note of the major debate that has, over the past years, sprung up in government, employer and worker circles as well as in women's organisations about night work for women and its prohibition. This debate has led several countries to modify their laws. The ban has been lifted in certain countries and considerably relaxed in others.

Parallel to this movement for putting an end to restrictions on night work for women, or at least for easing the existing regulations, there is the tendency in more and more countries to adopt laws on night work in general — that is, regulations applying to men and to women without distinction. Mention in this regard can be made of Austria, Bulgaria, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland.

In several countries there are signs of a willingness to try to compensate for the hardships inherent in night work, particularly shift work, by improving the conditions of work and life generally for night workers. These cover aspects such as pay, hours of work and work organisation, catering facilities at work, transport between home and work, housing, leisure, child care, etc.

The idea which has gradually emerged at the ILO is that it would perhaps be better to adopt new standards on night work in general than to tinker with the existing laws on night work for women industrial workers.

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question...

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should? Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water. And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day.



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finned to include mines, quarries and all kinds of extractive industries and manufacturing, building and civil engineering undertakings.

In some states, notably of Eastern Europe, night work for women is banned only for those who are pregnant or caring for an infant.

Women employed in households and those in directorial posts, key administrative jobs or in technical work which requires

tions gives only a partial idea of the problem, because the possibilities for exemption and the way in which the law is applied vary greatly. What, for instance, is "night"? The definitions change from country to country, and even in a particular country, depending on the activity; and sometimes even according to the season.

In certain countries "night" is a definite period and its limits are fixed by law. This may be

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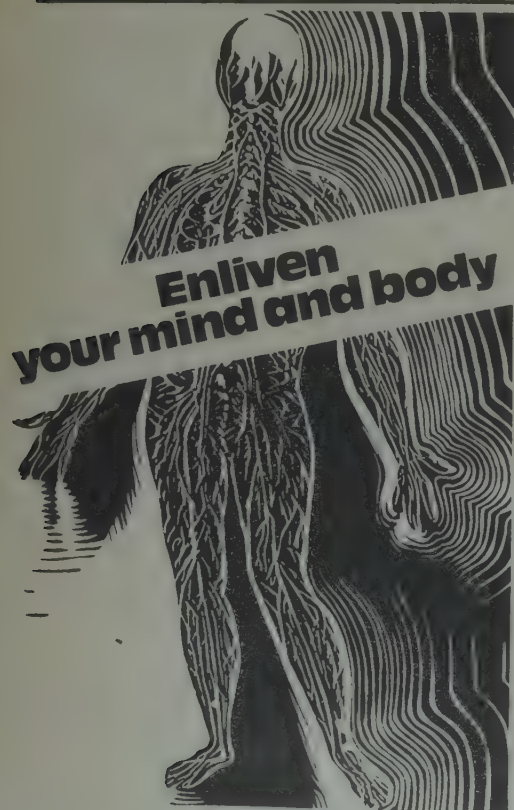


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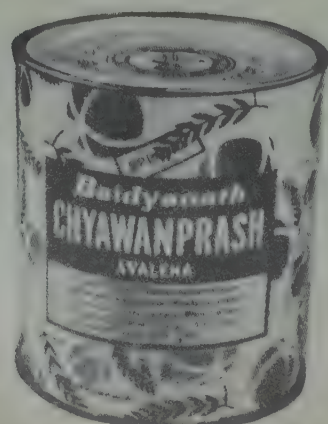
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IN A NUT-SHELL...

Premila Lal

MENU PLANNING SHOULD PUT ZEST INTO HOUSEKEEPING. IF YOU FEEL BORED WITH THE DAILY MENUS, LOOK FOR VARIATIONS. TRY AND COOK THE PRAWNS IN A WHOLE COCONUT. IT SOUNDS RATHER UNUSUAL BUT IT'S RATHER EXCITING. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS DISHES ONE CAN EVER THINK OF MAKING, APART FROM THE USUAL COCONUT CURRIES, PANCAKES AND BARFI, THAT WILL PLEASE YOUR GUESTS AND FAMILY. WE HAVE A WIDE SELECTION OF DISHES MADE FROM COCONUT. SO PICK ANY RECIPE AND SURPRISE YOUR FAMILY WITH THESE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS.



PRAWNS COOKED IN COCONUT

1 whole tender coconut, cleaned
1½ cups fresh prawns, shelled
Salt to taste
30 grams butter
A bunch of coriander leaves,
finely chopped
1 tsp. flour

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

4 cloves garlic
1 inch piece fresh ginger
4 large onions
red dry chillis
1 tsp. black cumin seeds
Pepper cone
cloves
cardamoms
1 inch piece cinnamon stick

Wash and clean the prawns.
Mix well with the ground masala
and salt and keep aside. Cut
off the top of the coconut large
enough for a soup spoon to go
rough. Remove the water but
not the soft pulp of the coconut.
Fill coconut with the prawn mix-
ture and replace the coconut lid
sealing it down with flour paste.
Bake the whole coconut in a mod-
erate oven for 30-45 minutes

then remove. Open the lid. Heat
the butter in a pan and remove
the prawn-mix from the coconut
together with the tender coconut
pulp and fry in the butter for a
minute. Serve hot, garnished with
chopped coriander.

COCONUT BARFI

2 large coconuts
½ litre milk
1 kg sugar
A few drops of any desired col-
ouring
1 tbsp. ghee

Scrape the coconut and grind
till very soft. Add the sugar to
the milk in a large saucepan and
place on a low fire. Add the co-
conut and stir gently till it thick-
ens. Add a little essence and col-
ouring, if desired, and spread the
mixture on a greased thali. When
cool cut into desired shapes.

BIBINCA WITHOUT EGGS

225 grams rice flour, sifted
750 grams sugar
2 whole coconuts
1 tsp. vanilla essence

1 tbsp. ghee
A pinch of salt

Grate the coconuts and extract
1 cup of thick milk. Keep aside.
Put the sugar in a pan with just
enough water to cover it. Boil to
make a syrup. Add the flour
very gradually, stirring continu-
ously. Now add the coconut milk
and salt. Stir until the mixture
begins to thicken. Add the vanilla
and stir until thick. Remove pan
from fire and pour mixture into
a greased ovenproof dish. Melt
the ghee and pour half over the
mixture. Bake in a moderate
oven for 15 minutes, then pour
the remaining ghee over it. Con-
tinue to bake until it becomes a
golden brown.

FISH IN COCONUT MILK

1 kg fish
1 coconut

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

4 onions
12 cloves garlic
1 inch piece ginger
3 tbsps. ghee
3 bay leaves
4 green chillis
A few green coriander leaves
Salt to taste

To prepare the coconut milk:
Grate the coconut, add a pint of
hot water and extract the milk,
grind the pulp very fine, add
milk and strain through fine
muslin.

Clean and cut the fish into
large flat pieces. Warm ghee in
a shallow saucepan, add bay leaf
and fry till brown. Add the
ground paste and fry. Add the
fish pieces, fry on one side for a
minute or two, turn the pieces
and fry on the other side.

in the coconut milk. All the fish pieces should be covered. Add the green chillis and coriander leaves and cover with a heavy lid. After five minutes or so uncover the saucepan and add salt to taste and turn the pieces. Cook for another five minutes till the fish is done and the gravy thickens. Remove the bay leaves and decorate with coriander leaves.

COCONUT MANGO PHOOL

- 6 ripe mangoes
- 1 coconut
- Sugar to taste
- 1½ dozen almonds
- A pinch of saffron (kesar)
- 125 grams cream
- ½ tsp. cardamom powder
- A pinch of salt

Wash and peel the mangoes and squeeze out the pulp in a mixing-bowl. Pass through a coarse sieve. Grate the coconut, add hot water and extract a large cup of thick milk. Mix with mango pulp. Blend in sugar till dissolved. Add cardamom, saffron, blanched and sliced almonds. Chill and serve in tall ice-cream glasses topped with fresh whipped cream. Or serve in tall fruit glasses filled with crushed ice.

COCONUT AND PLANTAIN FRITTERS

- 1 kg flour (maida)
- ½ coconut, grated
- 3 ripe green plantains
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- A little vanilla essence
- 1 or 2 eggs
- 3 tbsps. sugar

Add a little water to the flour and mix it into a thick batter. Then add baking powder, essence, grated coconut and mashed plantains. Mix well into a paste so that there are no lumps. Stir in the beaten eggs and sugar. The mixture should not be either too thick or too thin. Drop spoonfuls into hot ghee and fry the fritters on both sides to a golden brown. Serve immediately.

SOUTH COAST CHICKEN CURRY

- 1 medium sized chicken
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 1½ inch piece ginger, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic
- ½ tsp. turmeric
- 3 tbsps. cummin seed
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 4 green chillis
- ½ litre coconut milk
- 2 potatoes
- A sprig of curry leaves
- Salt to taste
- ½ lemon
- 2 tbsps. ghee

Joint the chicken. Heat ghee and fry onions and ginger till light brown. Grind together with a tablespoon of water the cloves, turmeric, cummin seed and garam masala and add to the onions. Fry for 3 minutes. Slit green chillis and add together with curry leaves. Now add pieces of chicken and fry till well brown. Pour in the coconut milk and

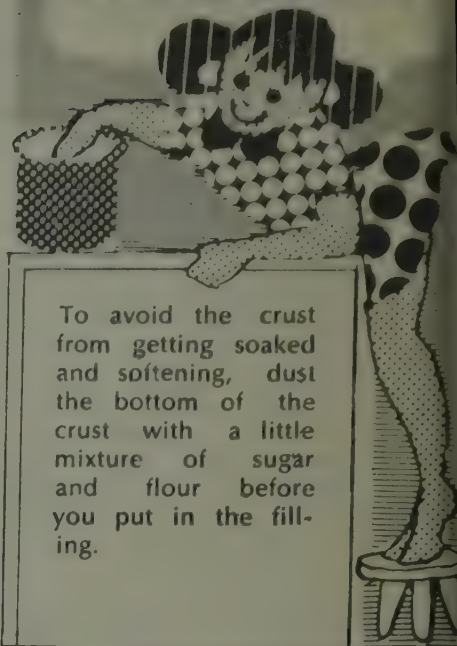
simmer gently till the chicken is barely tender. Add peeled and diced potatoes and salt and cook till potatoes are tender. Serve with boiled rice.

KATHAL KOFTA CURRY

- 1 kg raw jackfruit (kathal)
- 1 piece ginger
- 6 green chillis
- 1 pod garlic
- ½ cup nuts, chopped (almonds and pistachios)
- 12 sultanas
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 large onion
- 2 cardamoms
- 1 tbsps. coriander
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 2 red chillis
- 2 large red tomatoes
- 1 cup thick coconut milk
- 2 tbsps. ghee

Cadbury's CHOCOLATE **RELISH** It's a mouthful!

cuckoo lal



To avoid the crust from getting soaked and softening, dust the bottom of the crust with a little mixture of sugar and flour before you put in the filling.

Wash the jackfruit and dry it with a towel. Grease a steel knife and peel and slice the raw jackfruit. Place it in a large saucepan and add a cup of water. Put 3 green chillis, salt, half the ginger and garlic. Cook for half an hour till the vegetable is tender. Grind to a paste or mince. Divide the mixture into 12 equal parts. Shape each part into a ball and if the mixture is too thin, add some gram flour (besan). Fill centres with a mixture of 1 sultana, chopped nuts, sliced green chillis and chopped onions. Roll into perfect balls and deep fry in oil or ghee.

To prepare the gravy, heat the ghee and fry chopped onions. Grind together ginger, garlic, coriander, cummin seeds, turmeric and green chillis with a little coconut milk. Add the paste to the onion and fry. Add ½ cup water and let it simmer for 10 minutes. Add tomatoes finely chopped or minced and cook till the ghee separates. Add a cup of water and coconut milk and simmer on a low fire for 15 minutes. Add koftas and cook for 5 minutes. Serve with white or yellow boiled rice.

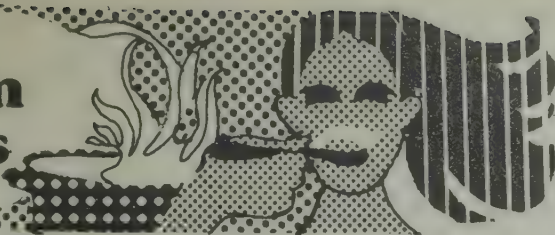
MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A SUPERCOOK GAS Tandoor with two skewers from M/S. GLOBE SUPER PARTS, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A 280 mm 14-gauge Tava (Nov.); and a 4½ litre Casse-rolle (Dec.); from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, and 4) a book by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers



Mrs. Carol Subbaiah, Bangalore.



Mrs. Meena Sinha, New Delhi.

MASALA EGG ROLL

- 6 eggs
- 2 tomatoes
- 2 onions, medium size
- 5 green chillis
- 5 tsps. cheese powder
- ½ bunch green coriander
- 1 cardamom, crushed
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- Salt

One moderately thick polythene bag about 10" long and 3½" wide (if a bag of this size is not available, take a broader bag of about 10" long. Cut the width to about 3½ and seal it carefully on fire. It will be a long tubular bag with opening at one end).

Mince the onion finely. Fry in the ghee then add the finely chopped tomatoes, chillis and green coriander. Lastly add the crushed cardamom. Fry well and keep aside to cool. Carefully break each egg and separate the yolk with a yolk separator and keep all the firm yolks separately. Whisk all the egg whites thoroughly with cheese powder, then add the fried masala, add salt and mix well.

Take the polythene bag. With the help of a tea spoon fill egg mixed masala in the bag to about ½" from the bottom and spread it evenly. Slowly place the yolk of one egg in the middle. Now put egg mixed masala over it to about 1". Again place another firm yolk in the middle and fill masala around it. This way fill all the egg mixed masala in the bag every time placing yolk in the middle. When all the masala is filled in the bag gather the unfilled part of the bag together and tie it close to the masala with the help of a thread.

Boil water in a tall and narrow vessel. When the water begins to boil immerse the knotted bag in water and keep it in boiling water for about four to five minutes. Take the bag out and allow it to cool. Cut the bag. Egg roll is ready. Cut into uniform slices with the yolk portion in the middle. Serve with tomato sauce and potato chips.

STUFFED FISH TOMATO CURRY

- 8 small tomatoes
- 300 grams fish (sole or singara)
- 2 or 3 green chillis, chopped
- Few coriander leaves, chopped

- 1 tsp. white cummin seeds
- Salt to taste

FOR THE GRAVY:

- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 2 tsps. ginger, ground
- 8 flakes garlic, ground
- pulp of 2 tomatoes (previously scooped)
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- 2 tsps. white cummin seeds
- 2 tsps. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. cloves, ground
- 1 dtsp. ghee
- 1 bay leaf
- Few coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 tsp. fenugreek powder

Scoop out the pulp from the tomatoes. Steam the fish in the water, till tender. Remove the bone and skin. Mash the fish and mix with the coriander leaves, green chillis, white cummin seeds and salt to taste. Now fill this mixture in the scooped tomatoes. Keep it aside.

FOR THE GRAVY:

Fry the chopped onion till light brown. Mix ground ginger garlic paste and 1 cup of water. Cook till dry. Now add tomato pulp and the spices and salt to taste. Cook till masala leaves

the ghee, add 3 cups of water and cook till ½ water is left. Add the stuffed tomatoes. Let these tomatoes cook for 6 to 7 minutes in the gravy. Remove from fire and sprinkle chopped coriander leaves and powdered fenugreek



Mrs. E. C. Bactley, Vapi.

LUNCHEON MEAT LOAF

- ½ kg pork
- ½ kg beef
- 2 eggs
- 2 thick slices of bread (to be soaked in water till soft)
- 1 tsp. each of papadkhar and saltpetre, finely ground
- Salt and pepper to taste

Put the pork and meat through the mincer and grind to a fine paste. To this paste add the two eggs, soaked bread (water to be well squeezed out), saltpetre, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together well, and put into the prepared tins, lined with greaseproof paper. Cover tins and steam for two hours. If a pressure cooker is used, the steaming time required is half an hour only.

Remove from the tins and serve hot or cold as desired. This also makes an ideal sandwich spread.



Mrs. L. C. Soans of Mangalore, wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

SOJI BIRYANI

- ½ kg wheat semolina (soji)
- ½ kg mutton
- 1 medium size coconut
- 12 green chillis
- 1 inch piece ginger
- ½ a bunch coriander leaves
- A few mint leaves
- 1 tsp. cummin
- 2 tsps. bade-soppu

- 1 inch piece turmeric
- 1 dtsp. coriander seeds
- 1½ tsp. poppy seeds
- 1 inch piece cinnamon
- 3 cloves
- 5 cloves garlic
- 2 medium sized onion
- A small ball tamarind
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- A sprig of bay leaf
- 1 tbsps. ghee

Extract the coconut juice adding water and half inch piece of turmeric. Cut mutton into small pieces, clean and wash. Put a teaspoon of salt in boiling water and add the washed mutton. Boil until the meat is cooked and water dries up. Take off from the fire and set aside. Grind to a fine paste, chillis, ginger, coriander seeds, half inch piece of turmeric, coriander, mint leaves cummin, bade-soppu, poppy seeds, cinnamon, cloves, garlic, onion and tamarind. Keep aside. Heat ghee in a dekchi. When the ghee begins to smoke put a tsp. of mustard seeds. When these seeds begin to splutter add bay leaves and stir for a minute. Then add the masala and fry well adding masala water little by little until a nice aroma arises. Put the meat, coconut juice and salt to taste. Let this boil nicely. Then add semolina and stir until the juice dries up and the semolina is cooked. Serve either hot or cold.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023



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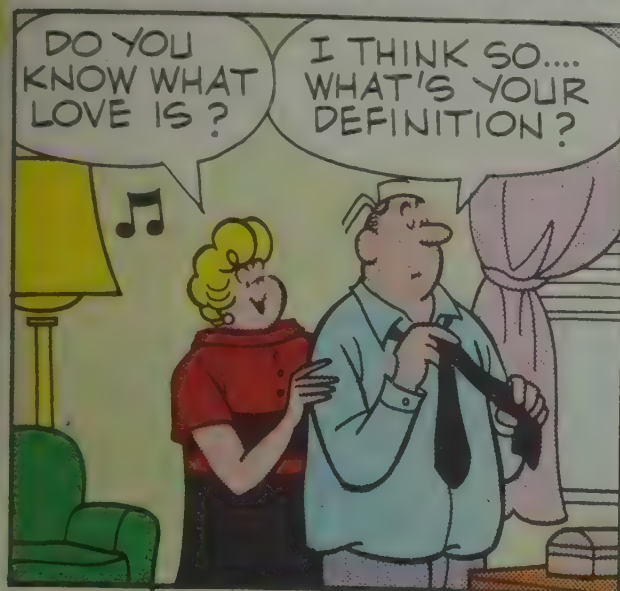
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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L. WOMAN

Two goats came upon a can of film on the back lot of a Hollywood movie studio. After one goat had devoured the can and film, his companion asked, "How was it?"

"Frankly," the goat replied, "the book was better."

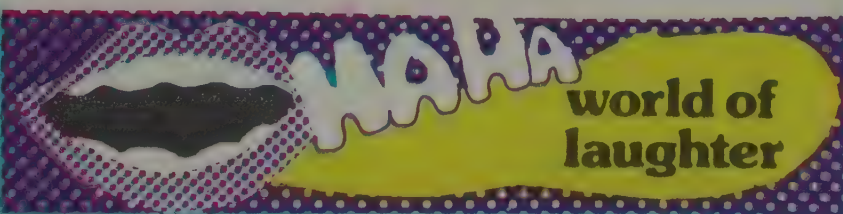
On a trek through the jungle, a missionary met a lion. Realising that escape was hopeless, the missionary fell to his knees and started to pray. A few moments later he was greatly comforted to see the lion on his knees beside him.

"Dear brother," said the relieved missionary, "how nice it is of you to join me in prayer when a moment ago I feared for my life."

"Don't interrupt," growled the lion, "I'm saying grace."

"If you're the lady who lifted Mother's face," said the small boy to the beautician, "you'd better come around and lift Father's. He just got your bill."

A talkative relative who hadn't visited the family for



a number of years greeted his nephew with the usual "Why, the last time I saw you, you were only so high."

"Yes," the youngster agreed, "and you were only so wide."

"Anyone would think I was nothing but a cook in this house," the wife complained.

"Not after a couple of me-



als, they wouldn't," was her husband's reply.

A Navy task force was going through intensive manoeuvres when the captain of one of the destroyers received a very personal message from the admiral.

"Read it to me," snapped the captain to the radioman. In a trembling voice the sailor read, "Of all the blundering, stupid, idiotic morons, you take the cake."

"Hmmmnn," mumbled the captain reflectively. "Have that decoded at once."

A general and a colonel met many privates on their walk down the street. Whenever he'd answer their salutes the colonel would mutter, "The same to you."

The general's curiosity got the better of him. "Why do you always say that?" he asked.

The colonel answered, "I was once a private and I know what they're thinking."

The visitor to the art museum said to a guard standing nearby, "And this I suppose, is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art."

"Nope," said the guard, "that's just a mirror."

The man in the art gallery was gazing rapturously at a famous oil painting of a gorgeous girl dressed only in three strategically placed leaves. The title of the painting was "Spring."

"Well," snapped his wife, "are you waiting for autumn?"

"I can't make up my mind whether I want to be a psychiatrist or an author."

"Why not toes for it — heads or tails?"

Farmer Jones was boasting: "I can plow, reap, milk cows, shoe a horse — in fact, I should like someone to tell me one thing about a farm I cannot do."

Then in the silence a voice said: "Can you lay an egg?"

Compiled by George Fegradoe

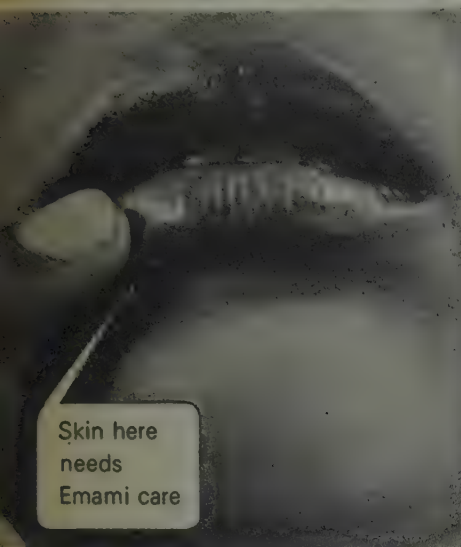
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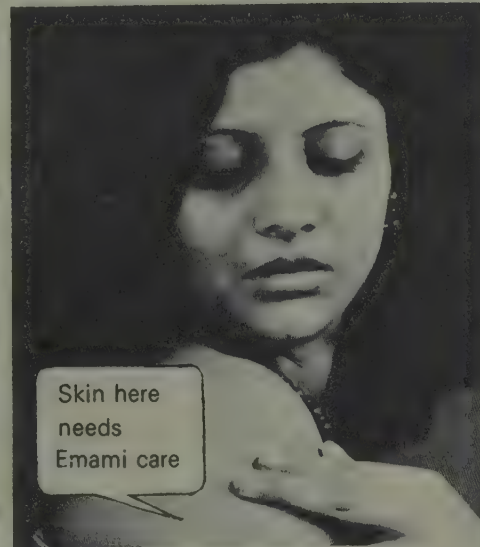
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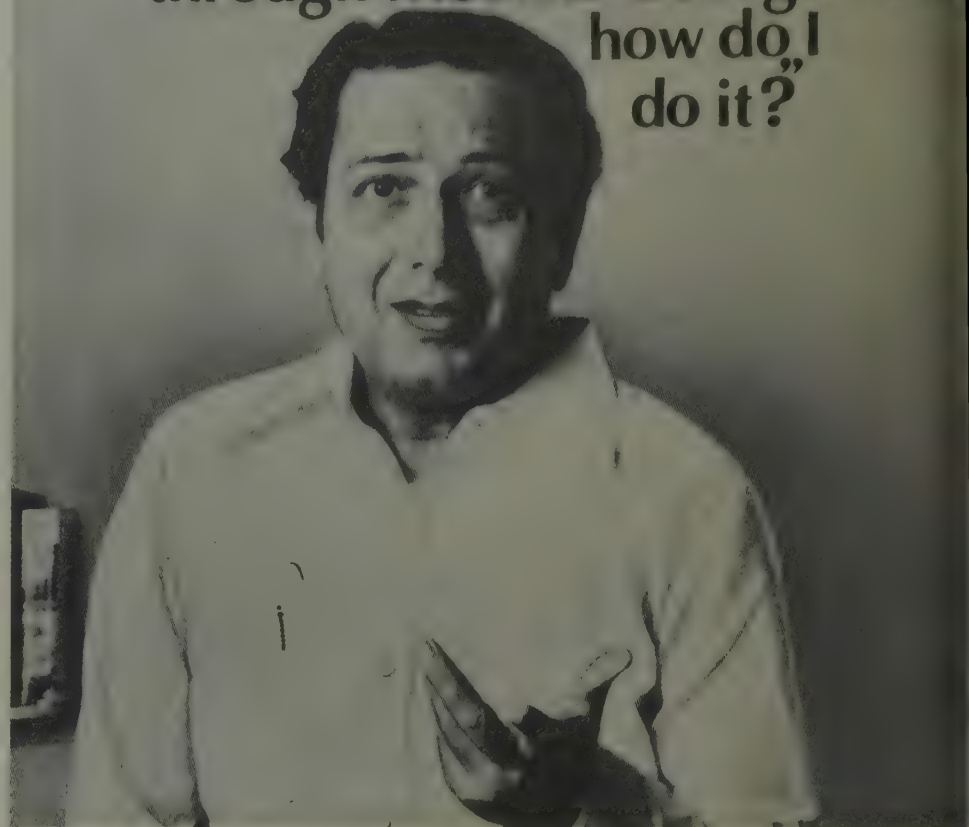
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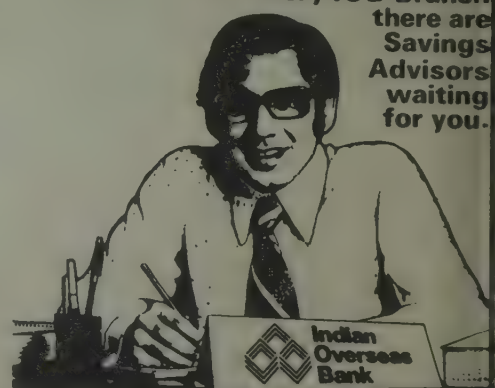
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PARVATHI DANDAPANI

DEDICATED DANSEUSE



She has an arrestingly impish face and a delightfully supple body. The makings of a promising dancer. Watching the easy grace

with which Parvathi executed intricate Bharata Natyam poses and steps was a treat for Bombay Doordarshan viewers.

Parvathi, just fifteen years old, has been dancing since the age of five. A senior student of Nritya Gitanjali she was nine when she performed her arangetram. Since then, Parvathi has been flooded with invitations to dance for various societies. And since the age of seven she has been entering dance competitions in Bombay. In '77 she created a stir by winning the coveted title of 'Best Classical Dancer of the Year' in a competition, overshadowing dancers in the age group of 12 to 21.

Parvathi is determined to become a professional dancer. "I want to go deep into the art of Bharata Natyam, after which I shall learn Kuchipudi." She spends a lot of time studying books on dance, attending dance performances, criticising these with her friends. She believes in helping herself to learn the art.

Although her school specializes in group dancing, Parvathi enjoys dancing solo. "Group dancing is fun, we get together, decide what to do and enjoy performing together, but solo dancing gives me added satisfaction, not to mention confidence."

In addition to being a graceful, natural dancer, Parvathi is also a singer. Her dance guru, Rajee Narayan, is also training her in vocal Carnatic music. "But," says Parvathi, "dancing is my first love." Her favourite dance pieces are the *tillana*, a fast rhythmic form of dance which she enjoys performing and the *varnam* which, says Parvathi, "is very challenging, for one has to get the expression just so."

A tenth standard student of St. Anthony's School, Bombay, Parvathi hopes to graduate with an arts degree in a few years, apart from pursuing the perfection of her art.

RACHNA GUPTA

A BUDDING ACTRESS



Recently, a play by Dr. Zakia Anju titled "Ajnabi" was broadcast by All India Radio, Delhi. The play is about a child who grows in Bombay and has never seen his father. The father lives in the same house but goes home early and returns late in the night. He is struggling to earn a little more, that his family can get the basic essentials they need. But the child wants to see his father. And, when ultimately one day does meet his father, he does not recognize him and brings out a photograph to check the resemblance.

The role of the child was played by a twelve-year-old girl, Rachna Gupta. The credibility of the entire play depends on the execution of the role of this child. Rachna's performance was flawless and heart-rending. Normally, one does not expect such deep understanding of emotions from a child of this age. But Rachna is endowed with the gift most needed in a play, whether it be on radio or T.V. or a stage performance — sensitivity. "At rehearsals, I follow the director's instructions very carefully. I feel humiliated if I am corrected during the recordings."

Rachna played the role of one of Doctor Sahib's children in Manu Bhandhari's "Aap Ka Bunty". This is a poignant story of a young boy whose mother remarries a doctor who has two children from a previous marriage. While all the other characters understand and love each other, due to maladjustment Bunty is sent off to a hostel. The play is dominated by Bunty, played by Rachna. It was an experience she loves talking about. However, Rachna is not overly fond of T.V. plays. "I do not like the five-day-long rehearsals," she says.

Fond of painting, reading, debating, helping her mother with household chores, Rachna's favourite pastime is thinking. And what does she think? "I will write plays when I grow up. I keep thinking about possible plots."

Saroj Vasishth

JAMILA KHAN

YOUNG ELOCUTIONIST



She is a little girl — only 11 years old. Yet, when she stands up and recites poetry, everyone is surprised. She recites loudly and boldly. Her diction is clear. She stops, pauses and repeats sometimes a word, or a line. At the age of 11, Jamila Khan has won laurels for herself as well as her school. From the year 1975 onwards she has participated and bagged the first prize in nearly a dozen poetry recitation competitions. As one judge rightly exclaimed, "Never have I seen so much emotion displayed by such a young child."

Jamila has won the Leo Club of Hyderabad's Poetry Recitation Shield for three consecutive years from 1975 to 1978.

Her prize winning poems are "Casabianca" by Dorothy Heman and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" by Thomas Campbell.

Besides this, Jamila is also a keen sports-girl and has won the championship in her division in 1977 for the best all-rounder. She is fond of track events. She is also a good actress. She has acted in "The Dear Departed", "Magic Boots" and "A Man for All Seasons".

Studying in the eighth standard of St. George's Grammar School, Jamila has far to go before she can achieve perfection but for her age she is a very talented girl.

B. A.

STUDENTS' SERVICE

The economically backward communities of Kannancherry, Calicut, mostly weavers, received some extra assistance when the Malabar Christian College students and teachers held their "Youth for rural construction" camp there under the National Service Scheme, for ten days recently.

Forty-eight boys and girls levelled the playground of the Government Lower Primary School, built a compost pit and removed bushes and thorns from the school compound. They were responsible for constructing a new lane, Kannotheaparambu, which is about 175 meters long. The local people supplied a load of tiles and bricks and two loads of laterite.

As in the past two years, the camp participants organised a medical check-up of the local people and distributed Rs. 5000 worth of medicines.

Bevi Jacob

Rose Noire



Pepper Shine

Rich
Chocolate

Maple Shine



Rose Noire

Pepper Shine

Rich
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RANJEETA:

“Glamour Puss, Not Me!”

Jyothi Venkatesh

Every time I rang up Ranjeeta, the phone kept on ringing. With Ranjeeta doing double and triple shifts, it was almost impossible to get her on the line. I decided to take a chance and dropped in at her place one afternoon hoping to nab her for a tete-a-tete. My attempt, however, proved futile; what greeted me instead at her door was a bunch of fan-mail left by the postman.

I bumped into Ranjeeta at the party thrown by Pramod Chakravorty at the Sun-n-Sand to celebrate the launching of his latest venture “Time Bomb” starring Dharmendra and Hema Malini. We decided to meet the next day at the Chandivali Studios where she was shooting for Rajshri’s “Tarana” with Mithun Chakravorty.

No longer is Ranjeeta the diffident lass one used to encounter when her maiden film

Ranjeeta is a smashing success. All she needs now to get into big-time are big directors and bigger heroes



“Laila Majnu” was in the making at the same Chandivali Studios five years ago. Today, she is confident of herself and of achieving her goal — stardom. She has been exceptionally lucky, too. Every film of hers — she has worked in four films so far, i.e. “Laila Majnu”, “Akhiyon Ke Jharokhon Se” “Damaad” and “Pati Patni Aur Woh” — has been a smashing success.

That Ranjeeta is popular with her producers is evident from the fact that A.V. Mohan has signed her for his fifth successive film. She has worked in his “Damaad” and at the moment is working for him in “Bhayanak” opposite Mithun Chakravorty; “Meri Beebi Ki Shadi” opposite Amol Palekar, “Jailor” again opposite Mithun. In his latest film she has been teamed with Feroz Khan.

In fact, Mithun Chakravorty and Ranjeeta are proving to be the most popular star-pair in film circles even though not a single film of theirs has been released till date. “I am also working with Vinod Khanna in “Chal Pe Chal” and Sanjeev Kumar and Randhir Kapoor in “Inspector Daku Aur Woh”. In “Inspector Daku Aur Woh” I am playing a double role for the first time.”

Ranjeeta feels that there is almost no other star in her category to pose a threat to her career; Zarina Wahab and Rameshwari are too simple to take up glamorous roles, while Tina Munim and Bindiya are too glamorous for seedha sadha roles. “My forthcoming films will prove that I can tackle not only seedha sadha roles but also glamorous ones with ease.”

Ranjeeta is one actress who doesn’t care a damn for an image. “I hate getting type-cast. I do not wish to be saddled with an image for the rest of my life. I came to the industry to prove my talent as an artiste with a wide range and not to parade around as a glamour puss. Believe it or not, I have accepted the role of a 35-year-old woman in “Meri Beebi Ki Shadi” though I am not even 25. In “Inspector Daku Aur Woh” I am playing a positive as well as a negative role.”

Ranjeeta admits that she has realized rather too late that diplomacy counts a lot in the industry. “I was naive enough to dare to flout the established norms, I put my own foot in my mouth and as a result I had to remain in exile for nearly three years even though my maiden film “Laila Majnu” had clicked at the box-office. But for the Rajshri people and B. R. Chopra, I’d have been practically wiped out of the industry. They cast me in “Akhiyon Ke Jharokhon Se” and “Pati Patni Aur Woh”, respectively. Fortunately for me, both clicked and placed me in the map of successful artistes.”

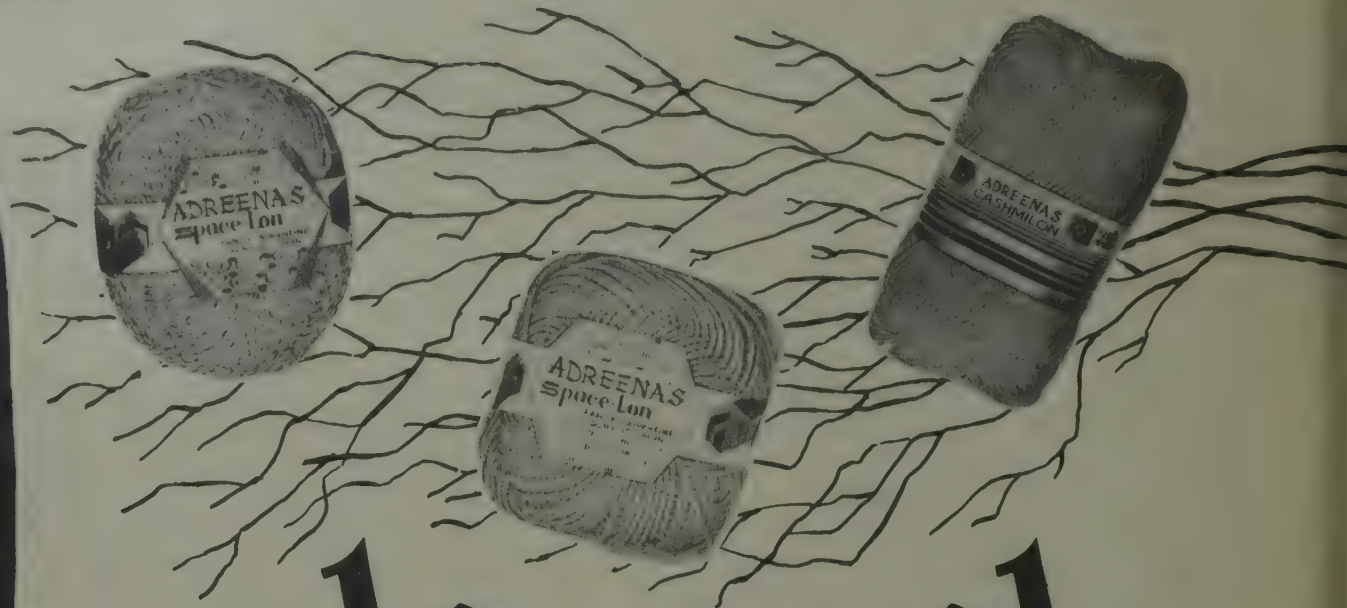
Though Ranjeeta prefers to work in one hero-one heroine subjects like “Akhiyon Ke Jharokhon Se” where one has more scope to reveal one’s true worth, she is game for compromises and doesn’t have any qualms about working in multi-starters. “To hog the limelight and reach the top echelons of stardom, a multi-starrer is a must from the point of view of a newcomer,” according to her. “Rajput” directed by Vijay Anand for Mushir and Riaz is one such multi-starrer in which she is working right now. Her co-stars are Dharmendra, Vinod Khanna, Rajesh Khanna, Hema Malini and Tina Munim.

Ranjeeta also has had to taste a bit of filmdom’s politics recently. She lost a good role in B.R. Chopra’s “Agni Pareeksha” opposite Amol Palekar and Parikshit Sahni only because Amol Palekar didn’t wish to work with her on account of some difference of opinion which had developed while they were working together in “Damaad.” As a result even though B.R. Chopra wanted to cast Ranjeeta in the role, he had to take Rameshwari.

However, Ranjeeta doesn’t have any rancour against anyone in the industry. Not even against Rishi Kapoor who has steadfastly refused to be teamed up with her even though “Laila Majnu” was declared a super hit. “Every time I meet Rishi, he gives me the lame excuse that he is not working with me only because he doesn’t wish to work with me in any altu faultu subject after having worked in “Laila Majnu.”

What Ranjeeta needs today for her career are good directors, and bigger heroes. Otherwise, in an industry where nothing sells like name, there is a likelihood of her getting submerged in B-grade set-ups. Whether big heroes agree to be teamed with a scene-stealer like Ranjeeta remains to be seen.

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SABINE PETERSEN

SNAKE-CHARMERS, AND MORE

can see, where they can stay and how they can travel in a particular country." ARD German TV had planned to make a film on Northern India as a country of snake-charmers. "Initially, I came with the idea of going to only such places where one could find snake-charmers," said Sabine. "But once I saw the country I changed my mind. I realised that India had much more to offer to a tourist. So now the film will show various places of tourist interest in Northern India."

Sabine found India a much cleaner place than she had thought it would be. "Most of the people back home who talked about India said it was a very filthy place. They scared me saying that I would be touched by dirty

hands or even raped. But this country gave me a pleasant surprise. No one touched me or tried to be nasty with me. The only thing people do is to stare, which does not bother me, really. What is really disturbing is that most shopkeepers try to cheat tourists. They charge all foreigners four times more than what they would ask from an Indian. While in Jaipur, a shopkeeper

ple to live with their elders in Europe. There are too many fights going on amongst them. It was happening to me too and that is why I wanted to get away from my parents. Now that I am independent and free, my connection with them is stronger than before. Now when I go back to Germany, I'll be staying on my own and I'll visit my parents occasionally.

Talking about her impressions of India, Sabine said though she found Kashmir very beautiful, she thought Varanasi was the most interesting city. "It is full of life. I was fascinated by the morning scene at the riverside. I also went to the cremation ground there and was deeply touched by the whole ceremony. But I was very upset to see some tourists taking pictures there. It naturally annoyed the Indians.

"Some tourists do not respect the rules of this country. They should learn to adjust themselves to the Indian way of living and thinking and not behave so much like Europeans," she said.

Sabine plans to come back for a longer period later and have a good holiday. "India I think is a paradise for young people from the West. They can really lose their identities here and live as they please," she said.

Jyotsana Kapoor

CHILDREN!

A SPECIAL CONTEST FOR YOU!

Do you know that 1979 is a year especially for you? It is the "International Year of the Child," and all over the world people will be working to make this world a better place for you.

Many of you are lucky — you have loving parents and a house and food to eat and clothes to wear and so many other things.

But you know, don't you, that millions of children in India are not so lucky? Have you ever thought what it would feel like to be hungry all the time or to have to sleep on the pavements or to be cold on a winter night because your clothes are torn? Many children in India don't have clean water to drink or to have a bath in. They have to beg because their parents don't have money to give them. They can't afford to go to school and sometimes there are no schools where they

live and sometimes they have to work during the day. If they are sick, they don't have the money to see a doctor or to buy medicines and sometimes there are no doctors or hospitals where they live.

We would like you to think about all this and look around you and see how many children in India live.

Then we would like you to join our contests.

ESSAY OR POETRY CONTEST

Choose one of the following subjects and write either a short poem or a 150-word essay on it:

"A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child"

or

"My Servant's Children"

Age Group: 6 — 10 years

Deadline: November 15, 1978

DRAWING CONTEST

Draw a little child you have seen who has to work for a living (e.g. a shoeshine boy, a newspaper vendor, a peanut vendor, a sweets-vendor, a car-

polish boy, a lottery-ticket seller, etc.)

Age Group: 6 — 10 years

Deadline: November 15, 1978

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DEADLINE: November 15, 1978

SPECIFICATIONS: Black and white, glossy, minimum size 5x7"

(N.B. The International Year of the Child is meant to focus attention on the rights of the child, and what can be done to make this world a better place for children. The focus will therefore be especially on the disadvantaged child.)

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true confession

I had not seen my husband till the day I married him. Maybe that is not so strange to you. In this quixotic land of ours there are perhaps millions of women who never set eyes on the men they were to marry. In an orthodox community it is not uncommon for relatives or relatives of relatives to approve of the boy or girl and then foist them on each other for life, without as much as a word to the concerned pair.

I was the victim of such a match. I say "victim" because I was sacrificed to a family who had scant regard for a young girl's feelings, her hopes and despairs, and to a husband who thought I was meant only as a tool for his pleasure and no more.

The first glimpse I had of him was when we garlanded each other. It was a short, stolen glance but the sight of him shocked me. His dark pock-marked face and bald head made my hand halt in mid air like some timid bird in flight. Had I been bolder I might have made a scene and withdrawn from the pandal. But I was not made that way. A stern and disciplined upbringing had made me live in dread of my uncle all my life. He had looked after me ever since my parents died. Besides he was just recovering from a severe heart attack as a result of which he had been confined to the sick room for three long months. He had not been able to undertake the long journey to Gwalior to see the boy. My aunt had been busy attending to him. So they had despatched a cousin who had come with golden tales of what a great match we had secured. He had sung praises of the bridegroom's spacious house, the cloth shops his family owned and his education.

"How is the boy?" asked my uncle, while I listened from behind the hall curtain. "He is a fine boy," said the cousin. "Very god-fearing and he won't raise his head and look at a woman. So your niece will have a happy life." My uncle heaved a sigh. Maybe he was thinking of his own daughter who had got married two years ago. Her husband had turned out a philanderer and rogue of the worst sort. No doubt uncle wanted to save me from a fate like that.

"Have you brought a photograph?" asked my aunt.

"No," replied the cousin. "But you can take my word for it. You will not find a better match if you scour the entire countryside." With a testimony like that we could not but agree.

"The best part is they are not asking for any dowry," said the cousin.

"No dowry?" said my uncle amazed. "But why?"

"They are too kind. Or maybe they are scared of the new strictures against it?"

It suited my uncle fine. They were not very well off. He had been forced into premature retirement on account of his heart attack and he was more than anxious to see me settled. I had no grouse against him. Even as children, he had tried his best not to differentiate between his daughter and me. She was three years older than I and he naturally sought a match for her first.

When she had been despatched to her husband's house in a ceremonious doli, he began to look for suitors for me.

He did not find an adequate match for two years. Those were tumultuous years for him because Ranja, his daughter, came back in tears more than once, saying she was going to leave her husband. There were pathetic scenes where she pleaded to be given her freedom from a marriage which was meaningless, while her parents tried every persuasive tactic they could to make her go back where she belonged. Because ultimately, they argued, a woman's place was in the house of her husband. She already had one child then, a little less than a year old and each time she was cajoled to go back at least for his sake. They had called him Anand which means happiness, but he brought

her no happiness at all.

On those occasions when she came back in turmoil, she would lay awake for long hours in the room we had shared since childhood, telling me of her husband's profligate ways. She would cry so much that often I had an urge to say: "Ranja, don't return to him. I will stand by you." But every time my words remained unsaid, because of the persuasive ardour of her parents.

I think it was these visits of Ranja that broke my uncle and brought on the heart attack. She had come one humid evening, when the rains had just broken, leaving the air sultry and uncomfortable. As soon as the tonga stopped and I heard the child cry, I knew it was her. I opened the door and went out.

I DREADED EVERY NIGHT WITH MY HUSBAND

"Ranja," I cried.

"Take my bags from the back. This time I have really left him," she said. She said the same thing every time, so I was not much perturbed. What made me cry out in alarm was the sight of uncle swaying in the door. His eyes looked strange and he clutched at his heart. I ran and put my hand round him in support but he was a heavy man and I could just break his fall.

Within minutes, Ranja was near me, her tale of woe forgotten in the imperativeness of this new development. I went in the same tonga to fetch the doctor, while uncle was carried by neighbours to his bed. The doctor came, gave him a thorough examination, ordered a cardiograph and confined him to bed rest.

"But doctor, I have no leave to my credit," he said.

"You budge an inch," the doctor said, "and you'll get permanent leave. From everything."

After he had gone my aunt burst into tears.

Ranja did not cry but she was strangely silent. Maybe she understood his attack was brought on by her marital upheavals. She remained till uncle was pronounced out of danger, then she took a tonga to the railway station. This time she went of her own accord. Nobody had persuaded her to leave. I stood and watched her till she was a little speck on the road. I wondered what I would have done in similar circumstances. Would I come home to uncle if my marriage failed?

I suddenly felt very responsible. Two days later there was a letter from the office asking if uncle was fit enough to come to work. The doctor forbade his return to harness. A few short weeks later another letter came from the office, terminating his services, a year in advance. I thought this would come as a great shock to him. But he took it with equanimity. Maybe he had steeled himself to expect it during those long days and nights in bed.

I went up to him next day, while he lay back in his easy chair staring in a vacant dreamy way at the silhouette of the buildings opposite.



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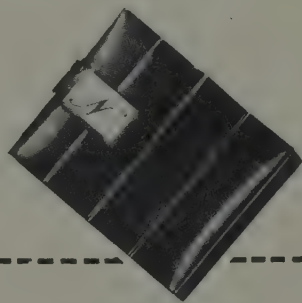
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DREADED EVERY NIGHT WITH MY HUSBAND

"Uncle," I said softly. He looked at me.

"Yes my child?"

"You must not be annoyed if I suggest something."

"What is it?" he said.

"I am no longer a child and you must let me assume the responsibility of an adult." He did not understand. I had just got through my Intermediate Arts examination and had studied typing in the holidays, more as a pastime than with a career in mind. But now the necessity of employment loomed large.

"Uncle, allow me to take up a job," I said. I looked at him and saw two tears stand out in his eyes. I was sitting at his feet. Now he put his hand on my head and said in a strangled voice, "Do you think you are a burden on us, you silly child?"

"No, uncle. But you must allow me to accept some responsibility."

"Suppose I had another daughter, would I have let her work? You are a daughter to me. You must get married and go to your husband's house."

"But aunty and you..."

"We are old people," he said. "What I have saved is enough to keep us in comfort. I will not let you slog. You have suffered enough in life."

I knew he meant the death of my parents in a train accident, which I escaped miraculously but with a scar on the back to remind me of the tragedy. Apart from that, I suffered little ill effects except a psychological trauma from which I surfaced after almost a year. My education was delayed and at the end of it all I came to live with my uncle and aunt in Vellore. He admitted me in the local school for girls which I attended with Ranja and I slid into a home life of sorts. But it did not really compensate for the happiness I had missed.

He got me married soon after and I was propelled into a life I viewed with misgiving and dread. Maybe you feel I was psychologically conditioned into a fear of marriage by Ranja's bitter experience. This is not true. On the first night when I set eyes on my husband in the seclusion of our heavily scented room, I was overcome with revulsion at the sight of him. I turned away when he tried to touch me and sobbed bitterly into my pillow. Maybe he was surprised or perhaps he had expected it. His lack of looks had perhaps made him suffer many rebuffs in the course of his life. He did not make any more overtures for over an hour and I fell into a grateful sleep through sheer exhaustion. Suddenly in the night, I was rudely awakened by a piercing pain which was like nothing I had ever experienced. I stifled a scream and opened my eyes to see him claiming his due with animal frenzy, which awakened and alarmed me.

When he had finished, he turned away

without a word of tenderness or apology and went to sleep. I cried into the night, thinking of Ranja, of my uncle who had meant well in his own way, of my aunt who had treated me with compassion and confidence. Now I was propelled into a terrible life from which there was no escape.

My husband's people were very rich. They had cloth shops, a chain of them it seemed, because all day the telephone kept ringing from one quarter of the city or another, sending messages about consignments and delivery and invoices. There was a stream of servants to cook and clean and keep the house spic and span. When people came over I was bedecked with silk and presented becomingly. I was not allowed to do a stroke of work at any time. If I asked for a saree, I was showered with not one but half a dozen. If I asked to be allowed to go into

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tenderness, without apology*

town, a car was always at my disposal, though I would have been glad to walk for exercise. I felt myself going fat, doing nothing all day but lounging around the house and ordering servants about. Food was cooked in pure ghee and there was always some sweetmeat or the other for every meal.

The days were not too bad. I amused myself playing with the children of my husband's numerous brothers. We lived in a joint family and one of the women was always pregnant while another had just had a baby. I bowed my head in embarrassment when they nudged and teased me about my turn. The sessions in the bedroom when both of us were alone always brought on revulsion of the worst kind and I was somehow afraid these people would sense it. I dreaded nightfall for this reason and suffered the onslaught in silence, only because he was my husband and he had a right to conjugal relations. He did not sense my tenseness and frigidity at all, because he was not worldly wise. Had he been a philanderer like Ranja's husband, he might have tried to find out why we were not striking a satisfactory sexual relationship. But my husband had been brought up with blinkers on. As the cousin who okayed the match had put it: 'He had never raised his head and looked at a woman.' It was little wonder then that I was just a tool to him, unendowed with feelings or frustrations.

One day Ranja came to see me. Seven months had passed since my marriage and I had discovered I was pregnant. I took her up to the spacious bedroom I shared with my husband. It was daytime and the men folk had all departed to their daily business in the shops. I closed the door to ensure absolute privacy and then I burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" cried Ranja alarmed. In a rush it came, my agonising first night and the frustration thereafter.

"You poor thing," she said. "You poor thing. I thought you were so happy. I read the letter you had written to father. It was so effusive and full of praise."

"I could not write anything else," I said.

"You must educate him..." she said, "about sex... talk to him... tell him about your desires..."

"It's impossible... we have no conversation at all. The moment we are in here, there is the same hideous drill. I live in terror of it. Sometimes I wake at night in a screaming nightmare. My life has become one living hell, Ranja." She squeezed my hand. "Don't worry," she said. "I will do something about it."

She had lunch with us and later she left. It was then that I realised I had not asked her a word about herself and how she had happened to come to Gwalior. I had been so immersed in my own woes.

That night my husband did not come home and I wondered what was wrong. But I viewed the absence with relief. At night I flopped into bed and slept undisturbed till the servant knocked with the bed tea. I asked him if there was any news of my husband. He said a message had come in late at night that he had gone to Indore and was held up. He would be returning next day. Another day's respite. I was very happy, I sang while I bathed and then I braided my hair and decorated it with jasmine flowers. He did not come the next day either. I grew worried. He had never remained away from me before.

My sisters-in-law teased me. "Why are you worried?" they said. "He will come."

The next day there was a letter from Ranja.

"Your husband has not gone to Indore," she wrote. "As a matter of fact we are educating him... My husband has brought him a stack of books on the special subject we discussed, and he is immersed in them."

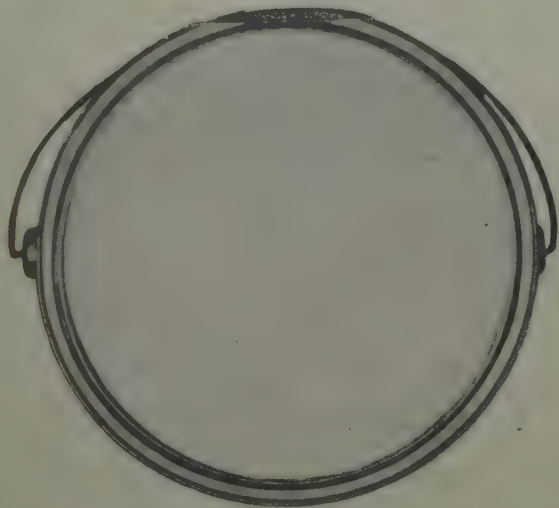
She gave no address. I could not reply. I wondered what they were up to.

When my husband finally did return he was a changed man. God knows what had woken the latent tenderness in him, but he was so gentle with me that he made me gasp with pleasure. It was then I realised that a marriage succeeds not on the false premises of dashing good looks but a certain technique of arousal. When that happens, it does not matter if he is handsome or ugly. All that matters is that he is yours.

Three weeks later there was another letter from Ranja. "How are you?" she wrote. "Thank god for philandering. I did not know how well off I was till I heard about your problem. Shekar and I were on the point of breaking off when I came to your house. Now I have learnt to close one eye to his escapades. Much better to have a husband wise in love's ways, than an ignoramus who can bring only pain."

I tore the letter to shreds and did not show it to my husband. I was glad of two things. My marriage had succeeded and so had Ranja's. For different reasons, but all the same, results counted. We had profited by each other's experience. The less said the better.

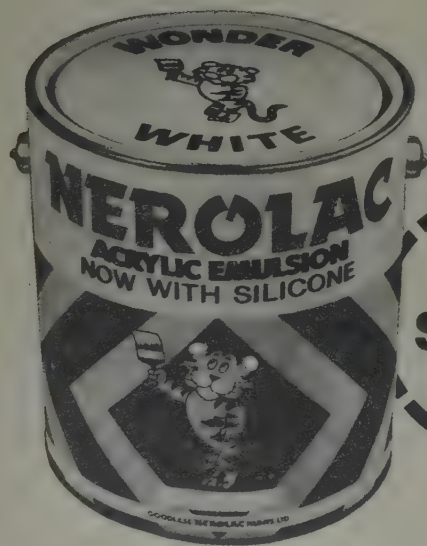
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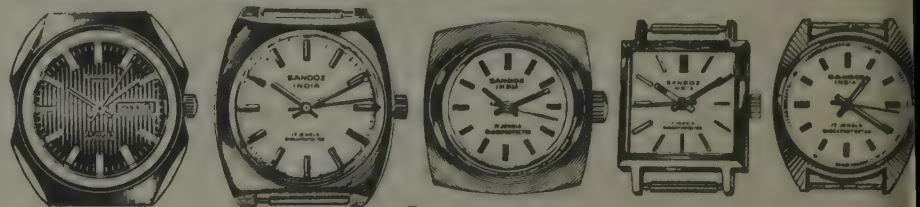
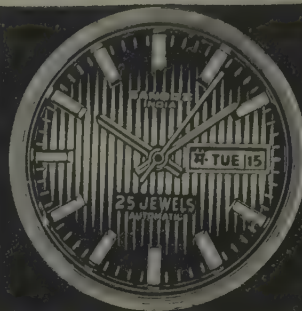


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hi ya
honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, there are so many professions open to you that it is not difficult for the female to land a job, but the vocation I admire most is nursing. Like the teacher, luv, a nurse is thrice blessed and promised the kingdom of Heaven. It's a difficult job right from the start, but the gratitude in the eyes of the patient is more than money can give. I met a nurse recently, a trainee who had passed the B.P. stage. Luv, it may sound easy but trying to place a bedpan under a sick person is quite a job. I know of experienced nurses who say a prayer that everything will pan out well.

The other day I was watching a young nurse put a sick man in a wheelchair. I used to think it was a simple operation. Believe me, luv, it isn't. For a person working alone, it's like putting toothpaste back into the tube. I was watching the operation because this particular nightingale was a sight for sore eyes. With a figure like hers, she did not have to know anything about nursing. To quote Dr. Golden, "To hold a wheelchair immobile while you are guiding a helpless patient

bedpan every time she passed him. When questioned by the doctor, she said, "But doctor, he keeps asking for it." "Are you sure, nurse?" "Yes doctor, every time I pass his bed I inquire, 'Everything all right, Frenchman?' and he smiles and replies 'Wee wee', so I take him the bedpan."

Honey, nurses do need to cultivate a sense of humour, or they may find themselves at the receiving end. Sometimes they do get on the patient's nerves, as was the case of the bloke who asked the nurse for water. "Nurse, this is my third request. May I have some water?" "Just a minute," replied the nurse, "are you thirsty?" "No," said the harassed patient, "I first want to check and see if my neck leaks."

Someone recently suggested that medical terms be changed into the vernacular. This will lead to very embarrassing situations as even in the present state we do have people going up to the harassed pharmacist and asking for paralysed gauze, aspiration tablets, and Scotts

THE WAY TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE IS OPEN

into it, requires as many arms as you find on a Burmese Goddess." The nurse got the cranky old man up and went to bring the chair. When she had placed it in position, the bloke had fallen on the bed again. If she brought the chair first and then picked the patient the chair would drift away. I helped the poor thing and the smile she gave me made my legs feel like unset jelly. This was probably the only time in my life, luv, that I wished I were sick. If I am sick at home and ask for a hot water bottle, it's thrown at me with "Here take that, I've something on the fire."

A nurse has to have charm, patience, knowledge of her job and a good figure. She must have at least two of these qualifications with the third as a common factor. Some of them unfortunately are real dumb. My friend Dr. Watsa told me the other day that he had asked his nurse for a local anaesthetic and she came back and said to him that the labels on all the bottles read "Made in England".

A nurse has to be a linguist these days, or learn to read lips or she might find herself on the wrong side of the bed. Take the case of nurse Jeanne who had a French patient who complained to the doctor that she was bringing him the

Emotion. One poor thing who had joined the noble profession only recently went over and asked for a cynical thermometer.

It works the other way too, honey. A nurse after a hard day's work went into MacRonnells and said, "I am thirsty. What flavours do you have in drinks?" The bartender's throat was sore, and he answered in a very hoarse voice, "Vanilla and Strawberry." The nurse said sympathetically, "I think you have laryngitis." "No," said the bartender, "I am sure, I just have Vanilla and Strawberry."

People say that the time will soon come when we will need neither the doctor nor the nurse. I hope they are wrong about the nurse. Medicines are so well-known today that all you have to do is remember the name and ask for it. The other day a man went to a chemist and asked for something to take for flu. "Can I give you Ramnani's sure-fire flu pill? It is advertised to cure in five minutes." "No, no," said the customer, "Give me something better." "But this is the most advertised pill. It will..." "No, for god's sake give me something else." The salesman, not to be outdone inquired, "Have you used it, sir?" "Used it? My name is Ramnani. I make it."

Until next time then.

frankly
speaking

Devi

"You are born again in your children, that is rebirth. I will re-live my life as my son Bunty alias Manoj," Rajendra Kumar used to blurb philosophically. His jubilee stardom had almost come to a close and he waited patiently to see himself again as the jubilee Kumar in son Manoj.

Manoj was qualifying for stardom by failing every grade in every class, changing schools till he dropped out of school. He then hitched his wagon to the R.K. camp by becoming Raj Kapoor's assist-

RAJENDRA: Seeking rebirth at sonrise!

ant No. 5. Throughout "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" he was the dummy for Zeenat Aman, for the cameraman to adjust the lights; but he did not waste his time.

Bunty did a very Rakesh Roshani move; he saw to it that Raj Kapoor's daughter Rima kidnapped him, just as Rakesh Roshan saw to it that Pinky, daughter of J. Om Prakash, kidnapped him. Now all this was not at all like the rebirth of Rajendra Kumar's success story. So Rajendra grabbed Manoj, renamed him Kumar Gaurav ('glory') since Manoj the original is still there.

So Kumar Gaurav, who does not look like Rajendra, will face the camera with Vijayata, who does not look like sister Sulakshana, in "Love Story" produced by father Rajendra.

And Rajendra, who collected note by note to be the richest and stingiest man in film-dom, has drilled the first hole in his khajana, and the khajana will leak profusely for Rajendra Kumar's rebirth story.

And everyone in film-dom is happy; if not in his first birth, at least for his second birth Rajendra is spending money. And he has collected a skyful of insects to hover around him. Starting from the wise mach-hars (mosquitoes) Salim Javed who took the advance and the responsibility for the rebirth, then had a failure of memory like their scripts for Mirza brothers who have written some gobar, chhaap dialogue like "I have run away from home because I want to carve my name on the door of Time."

people and events



Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra, (left) who inaugurated an exhibition-cum-sale of Bihar handicrafts at the Shilpi Kendra, Bombay, and Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan watching a craftsman at work.

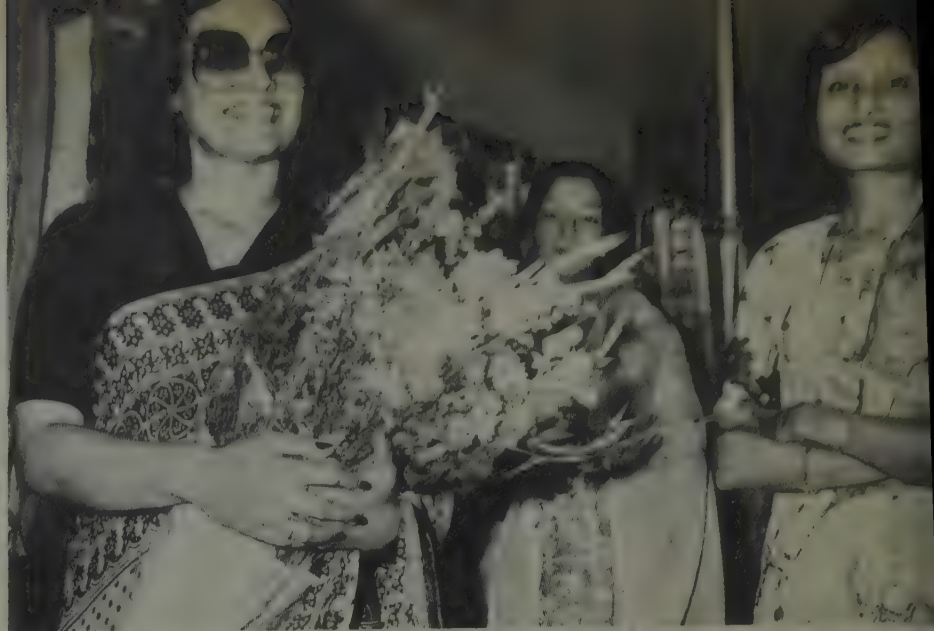


LEFT: The Ladies Association and the Residents' Association, Panchsheel Enclave, New Delhi, jointly donated Rs. 4,500 and clothes, shoes, and eatables worth Rs. 4,000 to provide relief to the flood-affected families in Delhi. Picture shows Mrs. S. S. Pruthi, President of the Ladies Association, handing over a biscuit tin to Mr. Kedar Nath Sahni, Chief Executive Councillor.



BELOW LEFT: In the Bombay Dyeing Out-of-this-World contest over 21,000 prizes valued at Rs. 25 lakhs were given away at functions held in different centres all over India. Picture shows Mrs. Bina Shrikant Shimpi, winner of the second prize of a scooter, with her husband, at a function held in Bombay.

RIGHT: The Stree Mandal recently organised a Ras-Garba performance at the Bhaidas Auditorium, Bombay. Picture shows (from left) Mr. Govindji Shroff, who presided on the occasion, Mrs. Chanda Bhaidas, President of the Mandal, Mr. N. T. Dalal and Mrs. Rasila Dalal.



Take 'N Talk, Calcutta, organised an exhibition-cum-sale of sarees at the Chic Creation Boutique, Bombay. Seen on the occasion are film star Vidya Sinha who inaugurated the show, Mrs. Yash Kohli (in the background) and Mrs. Mona Khemka.



Valerie Fernandez, the Bombay Dyeing Queen, is flanked by Lilian Augustus and Shehnaz Ali, the runners-up, at a beauty contest organised by Bombay Dyeing in Bangalore.



Picture shows Miss E. Mathew, President, (centre) and members of the Lioness Club of South Madras, judged as one of the ten most outstanding clubs in the world for the Focus on Youth projects for 1977-78.



bombay

Obero-Sheraton Hotel in co-operation with Polydor and Campa Cola presented a gala event comprising three exciting shows.

The first was a disco dancing demonstration by Salome Roy Kapur at the Cellar discotheque. Salome and her dancers gave lessons as well, teaching the John Travolta way of the "Dolphin Roll", "Scissors", "Hustle", "Bus Stop", "Freak", etc.

Next was the screening of "Saturday Night Fever" starring John Travolta, at the New Empire cinema.

The third event was at the Regal Room, where Salome and her group presented a specially choreographed sonet-lumiere show. The Soft Rock Revolution provided the music.

The Khar Residents' Association (Cultural Wing) recently organised a cookery contest, sponsored by makers of Marx pressure cookers at Khar. Over a 100 interesting entries were received.

The first prize winners were: Sheila Shah (in the Pudding Section) Rohini Phadkar (Vegetarian Snacks) and Anuradha Paudwal (Non-vegetarian Snacks). In all 30 prizes were awarded to the winners.

Mr. Arvind Shah, President of the Lions Club of Santa-cruz (West), was the chief guest.

Hotel President held its annual Saree Bazaar at its premises recently. On display was a wide range of beautiful sarees in cotton, polyester and silk — plain, printed and embroidered. Leading manufacturers — Finlays, Modipon, Hakoba, Himson etc — participated in the exhibition.

The well-known potter, Vimoo Sanghvi, will hold an exhibition of her pottery at the Jehangir Art Gallery from November 15 to 20. On view will be vases, decorative pots, serving bowls, plates, coffee sets, mugs, glasses, jugs and a host of other items.

The Time and Talents Club together with the National Centre for the Performing Arts is organising a violin recital by the internationally known Turkish artiste Ayla Erduran accompanied on the piano by Mithat Fenmen. The concert will be held at the Jomji Bhabha Auditorium on November 10.

calcutta

Several new ideas relating to India's economic development emerged from a panel discussion on industrial concepts, sponsored by the Ladies Study Group. The speakers were Mr. R.H. Mody, Mr. Indrajit Gupta, Mr. B.K. Chatterji and Mr. Amitava Pal Choudhury. Mr. Bhapatosh Dutta, acted as moderator. Mrs. Mina Gupta, President of the Ladies Study Group, presided.

The consensus of opinion was that a corporation should be set up to promote the growth of new ventures, a simplification of policies for streamlining of procedures for entrepreneurs, the raising of the standards of efficiency in plants and effective participation by workers in both private and public sectors.

The Gramophone Company of India organised a musical Soiree at the Netaji Indoor Stadium in aid of the Chief Minister's Flood Relief Fund. Singers Manna Dey, Vani Jairam, Purna Chandra Das and others delighted the audience with their recitals. The participation of film stars Uttam Kumar, Madhabi, Sandhya Roy and Arati Bhattacharya enlivened the evening. Comedian Bhanu Bandopadhyay presented a comic skit. An amount of Rs. 1,50,000 was raised for the fund.

madras

Checha and Chitnis, father-and-daughter team, held an exhibition-cum-sale of paintings at the Hotel Taj Coromandel. While Chitnis' forte is human figures. Checha went in for landscapes. Her works are in soft, subdued colours, reminiscent of the old world paintings.

Mr. Prabhudas Patwari, Governor of Tamil Nadu, laid the foundation-stone for "Vishranti", home for the aged and destitute women run by the Monday (Charity) Club. The A.V.M. Charities gifted land and Helpage International (London) will raise funds for the building.

On the occasion Miss P.T. Saraswathy, Minister for Social Welfare, released a souvenir, Mrs. Savitri Vaithi, President of the Club, welcomed the gathering. Mrs. Kausalya Seshadri proposed a vote of thanks.

The Lioness Club of South Madras held a function at

Hotel Maris in honour of the District Governor Lion Dr. M. S. Ekambaram and Mrs. Ekambaram. The club's focus on the Youth Projects won wide acclaim. It was considered among the ten most outstanding in the world, by a panel appointed by Lion McLoughlin, Immediate Past International President.

Lioness Eva Mathew, Charter President, was awarded the best Lioness President of the District prize and Lioness Anna George won the individual prize for Focus on Youth project.

The Lioness Club of Madras Cosmopolitan organised a fund-raising drive inaugurated by Mr. K. Manoharan, Finance Minister of Tamil Nadu. The proceeds are earmarked for the Vocational Training Centre which would employ physically handicapped girls. Mrs. Nushrath Anwarullah, first Vice-President, presided over the meeting.

bangalore

Panchajanya Textiles arranged a Bombay Dyeing Beauty Queen Contest at the Ravindra Kalakshetra, along with a prize distribution function for winners of the "Out-of-this-World" contest. Mr. S.M. Yahya, Karnataka Finance Minister, gave away the prize. Mr. L.G. Havanur, Karnataka Law Minister, was the chief guest.

Miss Cheryl Anne D'Souza won the first prize — an Ambassador car. Sister Dominic Savio received Rs. 5,500 in lieu of a scooter. Mrs. Suman won the third prize, a refrigerator, and Mrs. Mary Mathew a TV set.

Valerie Fernandez was crowned Bombay Dyeing Queen while the runners-up were Lillian Vanita Augustus and Shehnaz Ali.

hyderabad

The Marathi Vidnyan Parishad held a panel discussion on the test tube baby. Dr. Jayashree Kirloskar explained, with the help of slides, the methods used by Drs. Edward and Steptoe. Dr. S. Ghude introduced the subject while Dr. V. Tahmankar was the co-ordinator. On the panel were Dr. Gouri Kirtane, Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin and Justice Rane. The medical, social and ethical aspects were discussed at the meeting.

world of eve

PADMINI GAURANG



A woman of many talents Padmini Gaurang's main interests are music and dance. She

had a stint as a dance compere with the Bombay TV. She has also appeared in dance ballets on TV.

Padmini did her B.A. (Psychology) from Jai Hind College, Bombay.

She has been giving Bharata Natyam performances since her teens and has received several prizes. She has been trained in this dance form by S.K. Rao of Bombay and later by Elakshiben Thakore of the Nritya Bharti School of Classical Dances, Ahmedabad.

During her leisure hours, Padmini plays the sitar and the tabla and makes decorative pieces for her home.

RITA DALMIYA



Rita Dalmiya recently published her collection of poems entitled

"In Loneliness" — perhaps symbolic of her struggle for identity. She was the first Marwari girl to graduate with English Honours, from Loreto House, Calcutta, way back in 1949.

The first ten years of her marriage were spent in a joint family which was so conservative that even the reading of newspapers was not allowed to daughters-in-law. Later she took the bold step of separating from the joint family and finding her own identity. Also she wanted her children to learn the true values of life, fighting against the "pseudo-culture engendered by money alone and not social consciousness or aesthetic fulfilment."

She later joined the Ladies Study Group and now writes for their journal.

Rita then joined the Calcutta Samaritans... helping people and learning from their tragedies is what makes her a fulfilled social worker. She is also the convener of the Vocational Assistance Scheme sponsored by the Indian Chamber of Commerce.

Splendid indications for health, beauty, money and romance. Venus in Scorpio over the next two months will enhance your feminine charms, increase your appeal for the opposite sex. However, some changes around May and June 1979 could put you through a somewhat harassing period, one when people and conditions will irritate, push extra work and responsibilities on to your shoulders, temporarily. Otherwise, a progressive and fortunate year, when cash trends remain very satisfactory, when your ambitions succeed. If single, you may find wedding bells ringing in 1979.

this week for you

For the week Nov. 12 — 18, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

The stars are favouring you, giving you extra zip and sex appeal. A super seven days with much activity in your love life. You'll have extra energy and enthusiasm to cope with a busy programme. Good signs for health matters, but if you do have a little worry, there's no better time to sort it out than now.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

If irritations — and irritating people — have got you down recently, you should now find the atmosphere lighter and brighter. Yet, with Venus in opposition to your sign for some time ahead, care is needed in your personal life. Be sure to respond to your boy, to be sociable and friendly with others.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Mars and Mercury in adverse position to your sign will bring some challenges over the next few weeks. Keep your cool and don't get upset by trivialities; you need all your energies to keep abreast of jobs, visits, correspondence — everything! However, people will be unreliable for a time.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Changes are on the way, will occur soon, so be inclined to let things happen, rather than push too hard. This week is for fun and romance, with an affectionate atmosphere, some happy meetings. Yet, there may be some unexpected money for you — or perhaps a super gift which is quite valuable.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Everything looks great for you, not only this week but for some time ahead. Lucky stars affect all you do; it is time to give your ambitions a push forward. One special wish should come true and, this week, you can manoeuvre things your way easily! Plenty of romantic opportunities now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

More than one item of good news will arrive in this lively and amusing week. It is not a bad time to get new plans moving, to arrange interviews and meetings, to send off letters and applications. A stranger will have a fortunate effect on your affairs, as will fresh scenes and activities, a more varied programme.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

It is a good time to make changes; if you fancy a new job or a better set-up, generally, get busy this week. However, the fun scene shows super trends, so don't neglect the lighter side of life. New friends will appear and be lucky for you; the 14th or 18th could bring a wonderful meeting.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

The stars are smiling on you; you will have that special something that leads to success! There are optimistic signs for both home and working life; if you want something better for yourself you can achieve this. Planets in sympathetic angles to your sign bring love and happiness; you won't be lonely just now!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Go after what you want positively, more so if you are depending on the good will of others. No one can refuse you anything just now! Dynamic stars are affecting your love life, and also your practical ambitions. Ardent overtures from a newcomer add spice to the week and give a boost to your self confidence.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Cash prospects are better now, the atmosphere is more co-operative; why not spend some money on pretty new clothes for yourself. It is a good week for buying — and it is not too early to get your Christmas gift shopping completed. A lively social scene will continue from now until well into the New Year!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Watch your spending as far as you can at this time of year. Not many good buys around for you and you somehow won't have the right touch in choosing personal items. Friendships are well starred but a minor disagreement could upset your love life — just a temporary difficulty, so keep everything sparkling!

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Travel is under rather lucky stars, also fresh scenes and activities. Get around a bit, more so if seeking romance. A change is on the way and will be great for you, so don't fight it! If you start something new this week it will progress and flourish, and could lead you on to a more prosperous trail for the future!

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 18, 1978

next
week

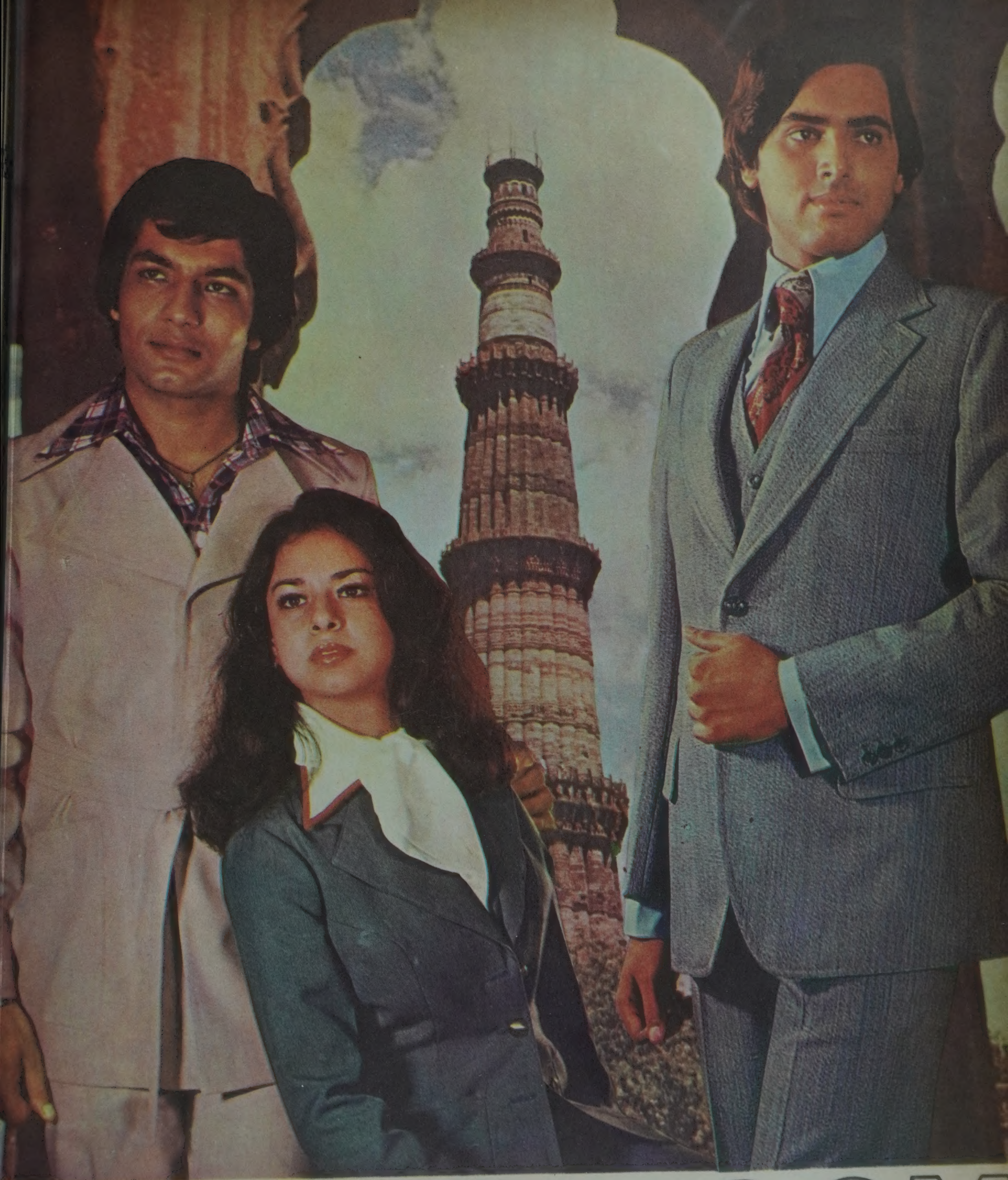
INDIAN WOMEN ABROAD

Growing up abroad can be quite an experience, especially for Indian girls, because the sub-cultures of Indian populations settled in various parts of the world are a peculiar blend of Indian and foreign, both straining for dominance. Reports from London, Kuwait and Hong Kong, comprising interviews with both older and younger In-

dian women there, present a fascinating picture of the curious contradictions of life abroad for Indians.

THE CONTROVERSY AT CAMA HOSPITAL

An anonymous letter received at this office prompted an inquiry into the ongoing male doctors vs. female doctors controversy at the Cama and Albless Hospital in Bombay. A special report.



The Fashion's Latest Swing

CCM
SUITINGS

SUITINGS, TWEEDS, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, CARPETS

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